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NEW YORK CITY.—A CHIEFTAIN OF THE "BLACK FLAGS" LYING IN STATE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, MOTT STREET.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 185.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

### A WAR TAX AND A WAR DEBT.

IT is difficult to see how the fact that we have a "war tax" can be used as a justification of any proposed reduction in taxation, or of any modification in the tax system. It may be frankly admitted that a cutting-down of the revenues of the Government, within reasonable limits, and with due regard to the best interests of the people, would be wise. But still, admitting that the basis of our revenue is a "war tax," it does not follow that the tax should be reduced, or even changed, merely because the war has ended. The war tax is only one of twin legacies which the struggle to preserve the national unity has left the Government; the other is a war debt.

The argument which supports the proposition that the war tax should be reduced might be urged with equal pertinence in favor of its entire extinction. Yet the Government owes nearly \$1,100,000,000 of debt, nearly all created by war, and which, if it is to be paid at all, must be paid from revenues collected by a system of taxation which did not exist—at least to the same extent—prior to the war. Had the Government been able to conduct its war upon a cash basis, had it depended upon taxation to meet its current expenditures while the war progressed, then the war and the war tax would have come to an end together. But the resources of the country did not permit the assumption of so grievous a burden of taxation as such a course would have involved. The burden of war taxation has fallen upon the second and third generation, and the fairness of the distribution can scarcely be questioned.

That the war tax was not created to produce revenues only while the war continued is a proposition which hardly any one will dispute. It is proven affirmatively in the amount of revenues collected and disbursements made during the war period. From July 1st, 1861, to June 30th, 1865, the total ordinary revenues of the Government were only about \$763,000,000, while the expenditures were \$3,350,000,000. The difference of about \$2,587,000,000 was made by the creation of a war debt, which for more than twenty-three years the American people have been honestly striving to pay.

For four years the Government was paying out at the rate of about \$2,300,000 a day, collecting by taxation only \$520,000 a day, and going into debt \$1,780,000 a day. Even in the two months after the war had ended it was compelled to increase its debt by \$80,000,000 in order to meet the war expenditures, and on August 31st, 1865, it found itself with a debt of \$2,756,431,571 to provide for, against only \$87,718,660 on June 30th, 1861. It had an annual interest charge of nearly \$151,000,000 to meet, against only \$5,000,000 before the war began. And even after twenty-three years of debt-paying there still remains \$1,100,000,000 of debt and an interest charge of about \$40,000,000, the latter equal to one-half of the total debt in 1861. Without a "war tax" neither the debt nor the interest can be paid, and until that debt has been paid it is folly to denounce this "war tax," whatever may be said regarding the wisdom of lightening the burden of taxation whenever practicable.

### OUR PROTECTIVE SYSTEM AS SEEN ABROAD.

WHILE the great majority of English newspapers are constant advocates of free-trade doctrines, and manifest the keenest sympathy with the effort which is making to break down the protective principle in the United States, there are a few influential British journals which hold stoutly to an opposite view, and insist that the progress and development of our industrial system constitute a conclusive illustration of the superiority of the protective system. One of these journals, the London Morning Post, in a recent article showed in the most conclusive manner the fallacy of the arguments of the free-trade economists, as tested by our American experience; and the exhibit is so timely and pertinent, that we reproduce it in its entirety, as a most valuable contribution to the discussion now in progress among us. The Post says:

"According to our friends of the Cobden school, American commerce and American manufactures ought to be declining rapidly under the 'withering influence' of a protective tariff. Instead of this, the statistics to which we refer show that in twenty years the population of the States has increased by 69 per cent., the hay crop has increased 106 per cent., the cotton crop 194 per cent., and the production of pig iron over 386 per cent. Railway construction to the extent of over 21,000 miles was projected last year, and over 15,000 miles of it were actually constructed in the twelve months. What this means will be better understood when it is pointed out that the total mileage of railroads existing in the United Kingdom last year was under the 21,000 planned as a single season's addition to the tracks in the United States. New rails were required for nearly 20,000 miles of road, and upwards of 3,000,000 tons of steel rails were turned out for the new lines in course of construction. This quantity is three times the entire turn-out of rails of all descriptions, iron and steel, of all the mills of the United States in 1880. Emigration last year was on an exceptionally large scale. A feature, too, of immigration was the unusual number of mechanics, bricklayers, plasterers and masons from Scotland, Wales and the

north of England who went out to the States in response to advances from the other side stating that there were good openings there for such handicraftsmen. And yet there are scores of politicians here so blind to what is going on in the world as to stick to the old fetish formula that protection is more injurious to the country that adopts it than to the country against which the hostile tariffs are aimed.

"But for the serious consequences entailed upon our British working classes, who feel every day more and more the pinch of foreign competition, it would be decidedly amusing to note how completely every one of the principles assumed by the one-sided free-trade school of this country is negatived by facts and falsified by the experience of commonplace business men. We are constantly told that protection raises the cost of commodities; that a hostile tariff is only a tax which the community pays to support the particular industry benefited by it. As a matter of fact, what do we find in America? Why, their manufacturers can actually beat us out of the field on the score of mere cheapness only. So far from protection enhancing the real cost of their goods, they can turn them out at rates with which we, with all our free trade, cannot manage to compete. The Yale-lock makers can afford to pay the carriage of their goods to England and yet undersell the Wolverhampton masters in the very heart of the lock trade, just as the Belgians can quote lower rates for angle iron delivered in Derby than can the local iron-masters of the Midlands. The Philadelphia engine-makers can turn out as serviceable a locomotive as any English firm, and ship it all the way to New Zealand for £600 less than the English tenders. In South Russia the agricultural implement trade is said to be passing entirely into the hands of American exporters, in spite of English and German competitors, though the latter are nearer by 3,000 miles to the local market. With the exception of made-up clothing, which is dear because labor is highly paid, and not because the duty on stuffs is so heavy, there is not a single manufactured article produced in the United States, from carpets to cotton, from locomotive engines to steel axes, from agricultural implements to cutlery and Yankee notions, as many little domestic appliances are called, which is not as cheap or even cheaper there than in this country.

"Another of the specious truths of the free-trader underlies the assertion so frequently made, that where industries are protected the quality of the products is inferior, owing to the indifference of the native manufacturers, who fear nothing from the rivalry of better makers abroad; and that people have therefore to pay a higher price for a worse article. A glance at America will show how utterly unfounded this assumption is. The very ground upon which Americans beat our own and European manufacturers in many neutral markets is that their articles are quite as good as those of their rivals. A striking instance of the progress in quality made under the protective tariff is furnished by the American silk industry. Within five years of the adoption of protection in the United States the Government inspectors were enabled to report a marked improvement in the quality and patterns of the native-made silks; and within ten years the Washington authorities found themselves in a position to assert that, excepting in the very finest grades of goods, the products of the American looms were fully up to those of France. The assertion, indeed, of our radical theorists that protection would lead to an inferiority of manufacture is based upon the absurd assumption that there is no such thing as local competition. It is, in fact, assumed that if the foreigner is excluded the native manufacturers will just combine to keep up prices and knock down quality. These theorists forget that the only manner in which one native firm can push its way against another is by lowering prices and raising quality, precisely in the way that it has been done in America. But for this idea of competing with English and other European manufacturers in neutral markets would be an impossibility."

The advantages of the protective system in developing our industrial progress have seldom been more forcibly presented than are these comments of our English cotemporary. If facts counted for anything with our free-trade doctrinaires, the array here set forth ought, surely, to show them the falsity of their economic views.

### GUARD WELL THE BALLOT.

WE have passed through and beyond the period when gross frauds at elections will be tolerated. Tweed rings and ring judges belong to the days of less moral enlightenment. An awakened public sentiment and a quickened public conscience now demand that the rights of free men shall not be menaced, nor their ballots tampered with. Fair elections and honest voting and counting will be insisted on by an overwhelming majority of American citizens of all parties. The political party, therefore, or the agents of the party that attempt to carry the coming State, municipal or national elections, by means of any species or forms of fraud, will surely suffer the penalties and punishments meted out under outraged law by outraged justice. No judicial sentences can be severe enough for such miscreants. No terms of penal servitude in Sing Sing or elsewhere can be long enough to punish adequately those who plan the rascally election frauds which others, less guilty, commit. The big rascals, the more pretentious knaves, who instruct their tools how to get around the law, have been seldom themselves caught. The hired repeater and the professional election-law breaker, on *per diem* pay, is the offender who treads most dangerously near the doors of the Penitentiary.

But as the state prisons yawn wide for both grades of scoundrels, each honest, legal voter should constitute himself a vigilance committee of one to aid in detecting the following kinds of offenders: 1. Those who register and vote on naturalization papers obtained by false statements as to the length of the alien's residence in the United States. 2. Persons who have resided in the State but a few days or few weeks, who swear falsely that they have lived in New York one year or more. 3. Those perjured repeaters who register and vote in three or four down-town districts under as many different names, and from three or four different lodging-houses. 4. That other class of seemingly respectable culprits who keep up a *quasi* residence in two States or two places for the purpose of casting two partisan votes. 5. The treachery of machine bosses and captains of districts should be looked out for, as these mercenaries often sell the election

to the highest bidder, who is usually the most venal candidate on either ticket. 6. The bribery of election inspectors and polling clerks must be guarded against, as these petty officials have been known to play into the hands of their political adversaries for a moderate consideration.

In short, the professional ward politicians of both the leading political parties in this city are, generally speaking, of such a low-toned order, that each party will do well to watch its own "workers," as well as those of the enemy. And if watching will prevent frauds, there will be less fraudulent voting on next Tuesday than at any former general election.

But the worst form of political corruption exhibits itself in the direct purchase and sale of votes. It is useless to disguise the fact that votes are bought in this city during each important election, at prices ranging from one to four dollars each. This infamous traffic in ballots must be stopped. A penalty of from two to five years in the Penitentiary will follow the conviction of any person who has been guilty of either of these seven classes of crime. Let all good citizens see that violators of election laws are duly decorated with convict's stripes.

### THE GREAT TILDEN LIBRARY.

WHEN the late Samuel J. Tilden, dying a bachelor and childless in August, 1886, after devising to his natural heirs \$1,500,000 in specific bequests, left his residuary estate, then estimated at \$10,000,000 more, to found and maintain a Public Library and Reading Room in New York, the country, while not greatly surprised that the statesman should bequeath so large a fund for public uses, was indeed amazed at the magnitude of the posthumous benefaction, the character of the men he had selected as the trustees, and the general terms in which it was couched. Heretofore those who have left great fortunes for the benefit of their fellow-men have been quite careful to leave some detailed documentary instruction that would supplement the devise itself. While it is singular that a man of such great detail in all of his professional and public habits as Mr. Tilden should have omitted to take this precaution and lay down definite lines to follow, there are yet reasons why he may have shown wisdom in acting as he did, for he was a man of keen insight into the future, fond of art in all its branches, a student of literature and architecture, and probably uncertain as to what would be the future growth of the City of New York. Looking at it in this light, he possibly thought it better to trust his lifelong friends, whom he named as trustees—John Bigelow, Andrew H. Green and George W. Smith—to sound the popular judgment, as well as expert opinion, as to the best method of permanently investing so enormous a sum for the largest good of mankind, and which it was impossible for him to do in his lifetime, as he was secretive in tendency and character.

Mr. Tilden, in this benefaction, has made the largest actual money outlay for an educational or philanthropic purpose yet known in the history of the United States—probably if the purpose, yet incomplete, of Leland Stanford, in which he proposes to build and endow the University of California, it is said, in the sum of \$20,000,000, be excepted. But Mr. Tilden's bequest transcends in magnitude, and, if carried out intelligently, in importance, anything done in like manner by Stephen Girard, James Smithson, George Peabody, Peter Cooper, James Lick, Ezra Cornell, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Roosevelts, Miss Wolfe, W. W. Corcoran, or the old sea-captain who founded Sailor's Snug Harbor on Staten Island, not to mention the many endowment funds of our colleges and hospitals. The public was, therefore, somewhat shocked to find that Mr. Tilden's last testament, so munificently remembering the city in which he had been a conspicuous public character for a lifetime, was to be contested on technical grounds by a nephew, although the instrument provided that such contesting heir should forfeit any devise made in his favor if placing legal obstructions to defeat the probate of the will.

The grounds of this proceeding on the part of the contesting heir, who was left only \$75,000 in trust, were, that the clause providing for the establishment of the Tilden Library and Reading Room was void, for indefiniteness and uncertainty; and that it suspended the power of alienation of the estate, and left it entirely in the hands of the executors and trustees to make substantially such disposition of it as they saw fit. A lawyer of the eminence of Joseph H. Choate argued in favor of this construction of the will, on the part of the nephew, while the attorney who drew the instrument—and in that branch of his profession at the top in New York—Mr. James C. Carter, asserted the validity of the devise; and the case was elaborately argued before Judge Lawrence of the Supreme Court, who, after long deliberation, has given a clear decision sustaining the will in all particulars. He holds as to what would seem to be common sense to every intelligent mind—that a man has a right to dispose of his property, following the law, as he pleases; and the Judge says, furthermore, that in this case Mr. Tilden's intent was plain—there was no doubt of that; that he was fully competent to make a will; and that the technicality raised he thought inadequate and could not stand.

This judgment of the Court does not, however, finally dispose of the matter, as it will now be taken to the General Term of the Supreme Court, and thence to the Court of Appeals, where a final decision cannot be had under two years. Clearly there is something wrong in our whole scheme of probate jurisprudence, if an astute lawyer, desiring to confer a great benefit on the community, cannot do so without such a technical battle as this, lasting four years after his death, when during his lifetime he could have accomplished his purpose in a single day.

### THE BEDELL CASE AND ITS LESSONS.

THAT active forger of mortgages, James E. Bedell, the "trusted" clerk of the law firm of Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate, probably did the best thing that he could when he pleaded guilty to forgery in the first degree, notwithstanding the long sentence awaiting him. Of his guilt there was no question, and a long and costly trial could not have changed the result. Bedell certainly did one good deed when he gave testimony against the keepers of the policy-shop where he gambled away much of the stolen money. This exposure, following upon the discovery of the ease with which "trusted" clerks can swindle their employers, should have two good results. In the first place, the Bedell case should convince employers and the public that it is not only dangerous, but wrong, to rely implicitly upon the discretion of clerks or agents in the conduct of financial affairs. However well-meaning a man may be, it is folly to impose upon him the severe test of the unrestricted control of



money. This is a slipshod way of doing business, and although considerations of personal convenience may make it pleasant to shift or evade care and responsibility, yet the employer who pursues this course is himself delinquent in subjecting his employees to an undue temptation. This revelation of careless business methods should bring about a reformation.

Another point which is emphasized is the culpability of the New York police authorities in conniving at the continuance of policy-shops and other gambling-houses. The place where Bedell lost his money was in lower Broadway, not far above Wall Street, near the financial centre of the city. The existence of this place thus conveniently at hand was a continual temptation to the employees of banking-houses and others. That the existence of the place could have been unknown to the police is incredible. Yet while detectives constantly watch the neighborhood of Wall Street to prevent the very presence of criminals, there was no one to interfere with a den of thieves infinitely more demoralizing in its influence and more dangerous than a gang of the burglars who would be arrested if they were seen down-town. The police find no difficulty in detecting and breaking up an occasional game of fan-tan among the Chinese, for Chinese gamblers have no "political influence." Meantime policy-gamblers ply their trade in the very money-centre of the city, tempting "trusted" clerks to embezzlement and disaster to themselves and others; and further up-town no one doubts that a gambler can find plenty of chances to lose his money if he has some acquaintance with the city. Every one is aware of this, apparently, except the police. No one would like to affirm that hush-money causes their blindness; but if it is not hush-money, it is politics. If a gambler has money, friends and a "pull," the police authorities hold him as altogether a different person from the poor Chinaman who is unable to control a single vote. It is a miserable thing that politics should have anything to do with the regulation of the morals and the safety of a great city. The police should be as much removed from politics as the army or navy. The Bedell case emphasizes this necessity.

#### PROSPECTS OF THE ART SEASON.

THE art season in New York presents to the public the largest exhibitions and sales of paintings and prints, and the freshest examples of native and foreign art. Hence it naturally happens that in art, as in finance, the metropolis leads other American cities, and the prospects of the Metropolitan Art Museum become of the first consequence to all who interest themselves in art. These prospects, it may be said at once, are encouraging. Although the commercial side of art is often made unduly prominent, it cannot be ignored, and it may safely be predicted that the picture-market will be active during the coming year. Last year the sales at the exhibitions showed no increase. This year there seems likely to be much picture-buying at the exhibitions and at public sales.

As a rule, there is little activity in art until after the close of political warfare; but this year Mr. S. P. Avery, Jr., has already ventured upon an exhibition of paintings by Mr. George H. Boughton. This was a dangerous experiment, for Mr. Boughton, partly through the choice of attractive subjects adapted to reproduction, has gained a reputation which was shown by this collection of his works to rest upon very slight achievements as a painter. The first formal "event" of the art season is to be the Winter opening of the Metropolitan Museum the last week in November, when the new wings of the Museum building will be thrown open, and the Egyptian and other additions shown to the public. The *Tribune*, which has furnished the news that Makart's large painting of "Diana's Hunting Party" is to be presented to the Museum, has proposed that one gallery should be reserved for native art. The Museum already has a nucleus for an American collection. As the Government bestows no recognition upon native art, it would seem peculiarly desirable that the Art Museum of the American metropolis should contain a gallery of American art. Soon after election an opportunity will be afforded at the American Art Galleries to study the works of the Russian Verestchagin, traveler, soldier and painter. Verestchagin has drawn his material from the Caucasus, Central Asia, India, and the ghastly experiences of the Russo-Russian War; and his delineations of many strange scenes and experiences should prove interesting, whatever may be Verestchagin's exact rank in art. Later in November the Autumn exhibition of the Academy of Design will be opened, and it is hoped the exhibition will show a continuance of the fair and liberal policy inaugurated last Spring. In December the Architectural League, an association of the younger architects, will hold the second exhibition of architectural plans and decorative designing. Early in the new year Mr. Whistler will hold an exhibition of water-colors and pastels at the Wunderlich Gallery, although Whistler himself may continue to "disappoint a continent," to borrow a phrase reflecting the artist's self-esteem. At the same gallery there is to be an exhibition of the work of Mr. Charles A. Platt, one of the strongest of the American etchers. It is to be noted that a movement to organize a separate exhibition of true painter's etching has brought promises of reform from the New York Etching Club, which proposes to exclude the plates of publishers, restrict the size of plates, and make more of painter's etching. Some mention may be made of a new "Society of American Etchers," which publishes certain prints and certifies the editions.

Of special exhibitions, in addition to those of Messrs. Whistler and Platt, two are to be recorded. Some of the drawings done by D  taille in illustration of the "Book of the French Army" are to be exhibited at the gallery of Bousso, Valadon & Co., and there is to be an exhibition of paintings by the Franco-Italian artist Villagas, a painter of much feeling for decorative effect, formerly a pupil of Fortuny. Two private collections of some consequence are to pass under the hammer of the auctioneer. One, which includes principally figure paintings by French, Franco-Spanish and Franco-Italian painters of distinction, is the collection of Mr. James H. Stebbins, a frequent exhibitor at the Union League Club. The other, which contains several American pictures, is the collection of Mr. Isaac Walker. There is a prospect of other sales of importance as the season advances. Meantime there is promise of much activity as soon as the Presidential election is decided—activity in the studios of the painters now returning to the city; in the ateliers of the sculptors who are profiting by what seems almost a craze for statue-building; and activity, let us trust, in the galleries when the artists present the best results of their Summer's work to the public.

THE verdict of the coroner's jury which investigated the terrible Mud Run disaster on the Lehigh Valley Railway is excellent so far as it goes. The two conductors, two engineers, two lookouts and a flagman were found guilty of causing manslaughter through gross negligence, and their arrest promptly followed. It is undoubtedly true that these men were guilty of negligence and misconduct in failing to observe the rules, and their punishment should emphasize the necessity of vigilance on the part of all who have in their keeping the lives of others. If the death-penalty is

inflicted upon the sentinel who sleeps at his post in time of war, even though no harm is done, there is certainly reason in the demand that guardians of others on railways who sacrifice life through their negligence should be held to a strict accountability. The prompt action of the authorities is praiseworthy, but it may be doubted whether the ultimate responsibility for the death of over seventy human beings will ever be clearly fixed.

THE British Minister at Washington has admitted to the correspondent of the New York *Tribune* the authenticity of a letter said to have been written by him in September last to an English-born citizen of Los Angeles, Cal., who had asked him how he ought to vote at the coming election. To this citizen the Hon. Sir Lionel Sackville S. West, K. C. M. G., replied, in substance, that while the party now in power could not prudently favor the "mother country," allowance must be made for the difficulties of its position, there being every reason to believe that President Cleveland would show a spirit of conciliation, etc. It is taken for granted that Sir Lionel deals in this amazing style with matters that do not concern him because he desires the re-election of Mr. Cleveland. This is probably true; but no man ever made a more egregious blunder. It is always safer to prophesy with all the facts before you; but there is little danger in risking the assertion that Sir Lionel's letter is likely to help Mr. Cleveland very much as the Rev. Mr. Burchard's R. R. R. helped Mr. Blaine in 1884. In London there is great disgust at the complication into which the British Minister has got himself, and it is said that he will not now be promoted to Rome, for which he was slated.

THE Parnell Commission met for business on the 22d of October, the three Judges being present. The proceedings, so far, have been remarkably dull, the time of the Court having been taken up by Attorney-general Webster, who opened the case for the *Times* by recapitulating and reiterating the vague, general charges made by that journal against the National League and the Home Rule party. This seems to be the line of the attack, which is evidently intended to distract attention from the real point—the genuineness, or the forgery, of the letters on which the *Times* based its charges. To this point, however, the *Times* and the Government will be pitilessly held by Mr. Parnell, and here they must be shamefully overthrown. That the Government makes the case its own is definitely shown by the prominence of the Attorney-general in the trial; and men are already asking whether it can survive a defeat. It takes something more than a sense of shame to make an English Government resign its power; but whether it remains in office or not, the moral effect of a victory for Mr. Parnell will be permanent. Something is said in London about evidence that will be produced to show who purchased the knives used in the Phoenix Park murders. It must be evidence before it can be considered, and the ease of the *Times*, so far, shines by a total lack of anything but dreary declamation. As to the letters, the *Times*' counsel has already been compelled to admit that many of them are forgeries.

EXTRAVAGANT bets and queer wagers are just now the order of the day; and if, at any time shortly following the coming election, staid citizens of hitherto respectable reputation are seen abroad with an "antic disposition" on, or with some unwonted eccentricity observable in their personal appearance, we must not too rashly jump at the conclusion of alcoholic intoxication or mental collapse. The truth will be that they are merely fulfilling election wagers. Judging from the engagements of this sort already recorded in various cities and towns of Connecticut, that doughty and doubtful little State is bound to suffer a temporary relapse from its traditional steady habits. Two athletes of Ansonia, professing opposite political faith, have entered into an agreement which compels one or the other—according to whether Cleveland or Harrison shall be elected—to strap up one leg and hop a certain number of city blocks, touching nothing whatever for support or balance, on penalty of setting up a game supper for four persons. On a similar election wager, one of two Bridgeporters will have to eat crow—literally to swallow undisguised the roasted flesh of the bird which no one "hankers" after, prepared at a popular restaurant of that city. Two journalistic Adonises of Norwalk have wagered their mustaches. Another pair of editors, in Middletown, have engaged that the one whose candidate is defeated shall wear his badge draped in mourning for thirty days. In Danbury a unique wager is recorded, which binds the loser to dress in a Mother Hubbard costume and ride through the main street of the town. If the Republican be the loser, he must cry out in a loud voice at each street-crossing, "The tariff is a tax!" If it be the Democrat who is caught, he must shout common sense for the nonce, the cry prescribed for him being: "A protective tariff creates high wages!"

THE Montreal *Star* has discovered that there is a great dearth of domestic servants in the Dominion, and that Chinamen make capital domestics in British Columbia. "It would be strange," says the *Star*, "if the outcome of the Chinese difficulty on this continent should be that John Chinaman were installed in the place of Bridget in the laundry, and Eliza in the kitchen, and two vexed problems thus be solved." Very strange, indeed, and so far from new, that within the past thirty years at least 900,000 persons in California and Oregon anticipated the Montreal journal in the expression of the idea. There is a large amount of well-meant humbug on this subject. The Californians groaned as heavily as any people under what they called the tyranny of Bridget, and hailed the coming of John as a blessing sent from heaven. He was cheap, he was quiet, he was clean, he was sober, he had no followers, he spoiled nothing, he cooked to perfection—in one word, he was housekeeping made easy. This happy state of things lasted till John found out that he could better himself, and then he put up his price, and put on airs, and put off his native virtues, and became even as this Bridget. The Golden Age passed away, and the Silver Age, and the dull Iron Age of the same human creature, seeking his own advantage, set in, and still endures. Common sense, taking a fair view of human interests, would have foreseen this from the beginning. Bridget, whether in Canada or in California, simply takes care of herself, and tries to get all she can for her service. Is there any reason why she should not? It certainly is not right that she should be paid for work she does not do, and it is wrong for her to make herself disagreeable; but John is as much of an eye-servant, as rude, as false, as any bugbear of a Bridget. The problem of Bridget and Eliza is as far from solution as the Montreal *Star* is from sweet reasonableness.

THAT a branch of the Sicilian Vendetta Society of the Mafia existed and flourished in New York has long been known to those acquainted with the mysteries of the Italian colony in this city. The examination of the recent foul assassination of Flaccio in the glare of the electric lights, in front of the Cooper Institute, at nine o'clock in the evening, shows that this body, which in its native birthplace, Palermo, as here, is organized for crime—for murder and robbery, counterfeiting and blood-revenge—was the cause

of this silent killing by the knife. Nor is this the only human slaughter that can be traced to this ferocious and relentless agency which has been imported to these shores from the Mediterranean, from Corsica, from the environs of Naples, and from Dalmatia and Albania. And it would be well for the authorities to give this body a complete and thorough overhauling at once, for, according to the oaths, the vengeance which it seeks to administer is not always among the Italians, but a strict construction would compel the members to secretly remove a judge, district-attorney or sheriff who might cause one of the Mafia to suffer death as a penalty for crime. This transplanted society is but the outgrowth of two secret associations in Southern Italy—the Camorra at Naples, and the other, the Mafia, whose depredations this community already knows. There are as many as 40,000 Italians in New York, and while they are not all bad by any means, there is a large fraction who were professional criminals at home, and that is the reason they are here. Why, between 1830 and 1860 the Camorra, numbering as high as 30,000, ruled Naples with an iron hand, the Grand Council of the Order being composed of twelve men representing different branches of the Order in each of the twelve different quarters of the Province. It had its emissaries in the business houses, in the banks, and in the royal palace itself, and under penalty of death it levied fixed tolls, after the bandit's manner of exacting ransom, and even the priests were compelled to pay. Surely Inspector Byrnes, after the confessions in his possession, should proceed to exterminate these dangerous people.

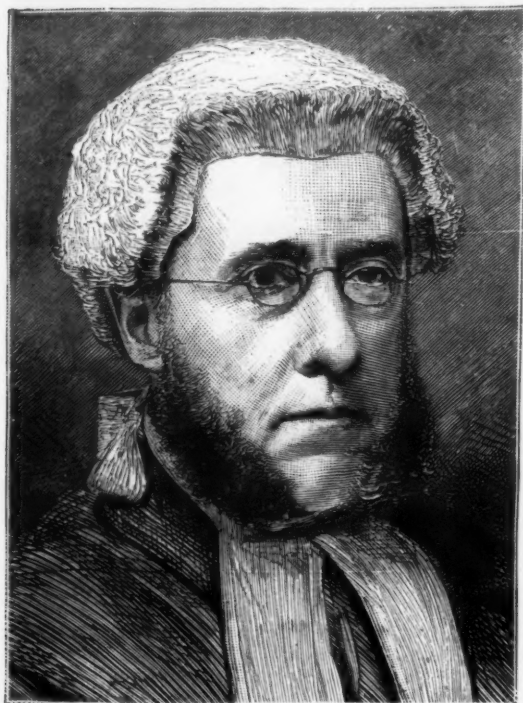
SPANISH political life has become proverbial for corruption and intrigues, but the Spain of to-day cuts so small a figure in the affairs of the world that the prediction of an approaching revolution which is made by a *Tribune* correspondent will be received with surprise. Insubordination and discontent reign supreme throughout the army, which is as powerful as the Prætorian Guard of ancient Rome. The enforced resignation of Cassola, the energetic Minister of War, seems likely to be followed ultimately by the selection of some creature of Martinez Campos, the intriguing leader of a military clique, and this in turn will be followed by military revolts and pronunciamientos. There is said to be one officer to every four or five privates, and revolts offer about the only chance for advancement. The clergy and religious orders swarming throughout Spain have enjoyed special privileges, particularly in the way of ecclesiastical trade and industry, which the Government has determined to check by putting an end to their immunity from customs and internal revenue dues. Therefore the clergy are in open revolt, even threatening to refuse absolution to any who vote the Government ticket. The power of the clergy may be partially understood from the statement that all the public and private educational establishments of the country are in their hands. There is the most extraordinary disorder and demoralization in all Government and municipal offices, and "ring rule" is rampant in every city and town. Even the President of the Supreme Court of Appeals, the highest tribunal in the country, has been exposed in accepting a bribe of \$8,000, and forced to resign. Bad harvests, increased taxation and diminished trade are causing widespread destitution and misery, and the political evils are heightened by the temporizing policy of the Prime Minister, Sagasta, who is charged with lack of firmness and energy. This is certainly a gloomy picture.

THE union within itself of each of the various great branches of labor throughout the country seems as essential and inevitable as the "federation of all labor" recently proposed by Mr. Powderly is under present conditions impracticable and undesirable. The new order of the "National Federation of Railroad Employees in the Transportation Department," foreshadowed at the mass-meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen held in New York city last June, and the organization of which was consummated at the recent convention in Richmond, Va., will undoubtedly be the most powerful federation of railroad men ever formed in this country. The articles signed by the representatives of the several organizations practically seal the amalgamation of all the railroad employees in the United States, together with a considerable proportion of those of Canada on the north and Mexico on the south. The telegraph operators along the lines will probably be included also. The manner in which the new federation proposes to wield its vast power appears simple and effective. Each local brotherhood or union of railroad employees will elect one delegate to represent it in a general council, and the board thus constituted will receive from all divisions or lodges of engineers, firemen, switchmen, brakemen, etc., any complaint or grievance made to a lodge or division by a member against the company by which the men is employed. If, upon investigation, the complaint prove to be justified, a strike will be ordered, to be confined solely to that organization of labor, on the road in question, to which the aggrieved individual belongs; unless non-union labor be taken on to fill vacancies, in which event all the employees of the road will be ordered out, and a "tie-up" instituted. Judicious management upon the lines thus indicated ought to decrease the number and the extent of strikes, as well as make them more effective, if such extreme measures are deemed advisable.

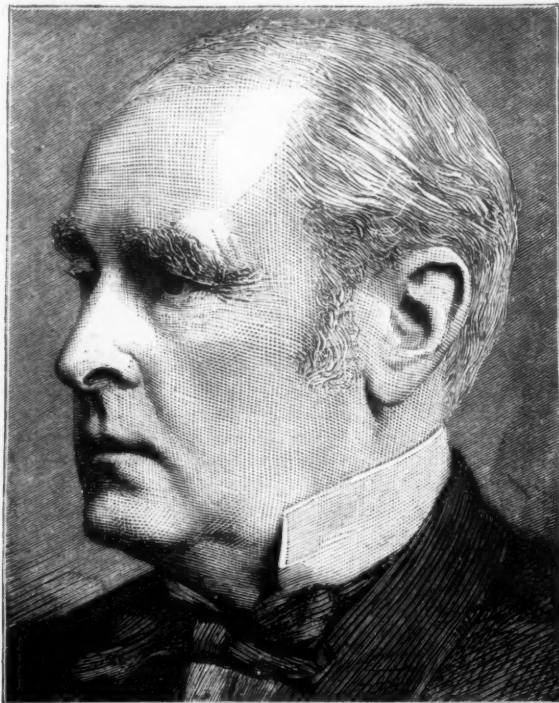
ACCORDING to Colonel Mapleson, the great operatic stars are more business-like in their methods than musical people, as a class, are thought to be. In his recently published "Memoirs," he asserts that when Mme. Patti arrives in London, a regular "call" is sent to the different members of the opera company, and that they are instructed to be at the station at a certain hour to give the *diva* a fitting reception. He also declares that she stipulates for a certain number of stalls, boxes and places in the pit and gallery, because the distinguished vocalist wishes to be supported from all parts of the house, and is far too practical, whatever may be the opinion she entertains of her own talents, to leave the applause in the slightest particular to chance. Nor is "Maestro" Mapleson himself far behind the *prima donna* in the astuteness of his managerial devices. Thus, he admits having "carefully" given away the bulk of the seats for the first three nights of "Faust" in order to "boom" the opera; that he "arranged" for Gounod to be recalled, and made the Thames watermen happy with a shilling apiece for each time they could, by their applause, have the curtain run up at Mme. Nilsson's debut. In France these matters are more artistically managed, and the singer desiring a certain amount of applause has only to arrange the details with the leader of the *claque*. In New York, while we have thus far escaped the infliction of this essentially French institution, the public suffers from a chorus of small-fry journalists, who make their voices heard in the columns of the daily and weekly press. These gentry are frequently found unanimously praising a thoroughly bad piece, and using every effort to confuse the public's critical sense in a matter that really admits of no discussion. Had Colonel Mapleson given his experience with this class of so-called representatives of the press, with whom his long career in this country must have made him thoroughly acquainted, his book would have had an added interest for American readers.



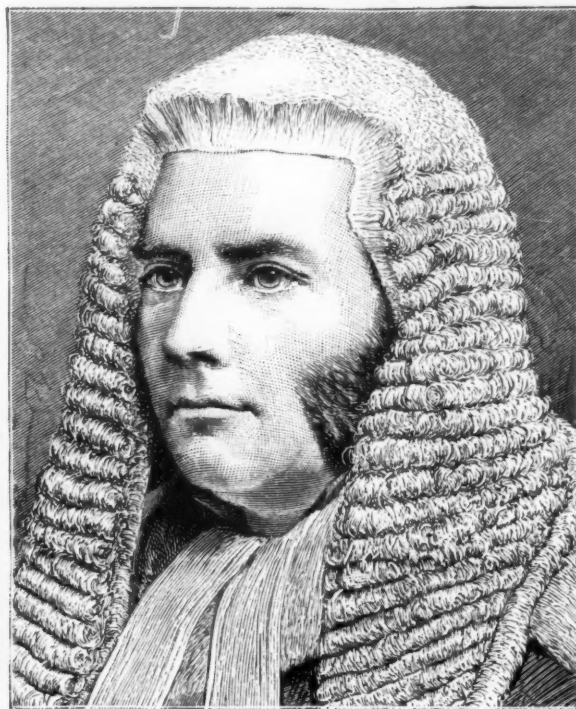
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 187.



Sir John Charles Day.



The Right Honorable Sir James Hannen, President.

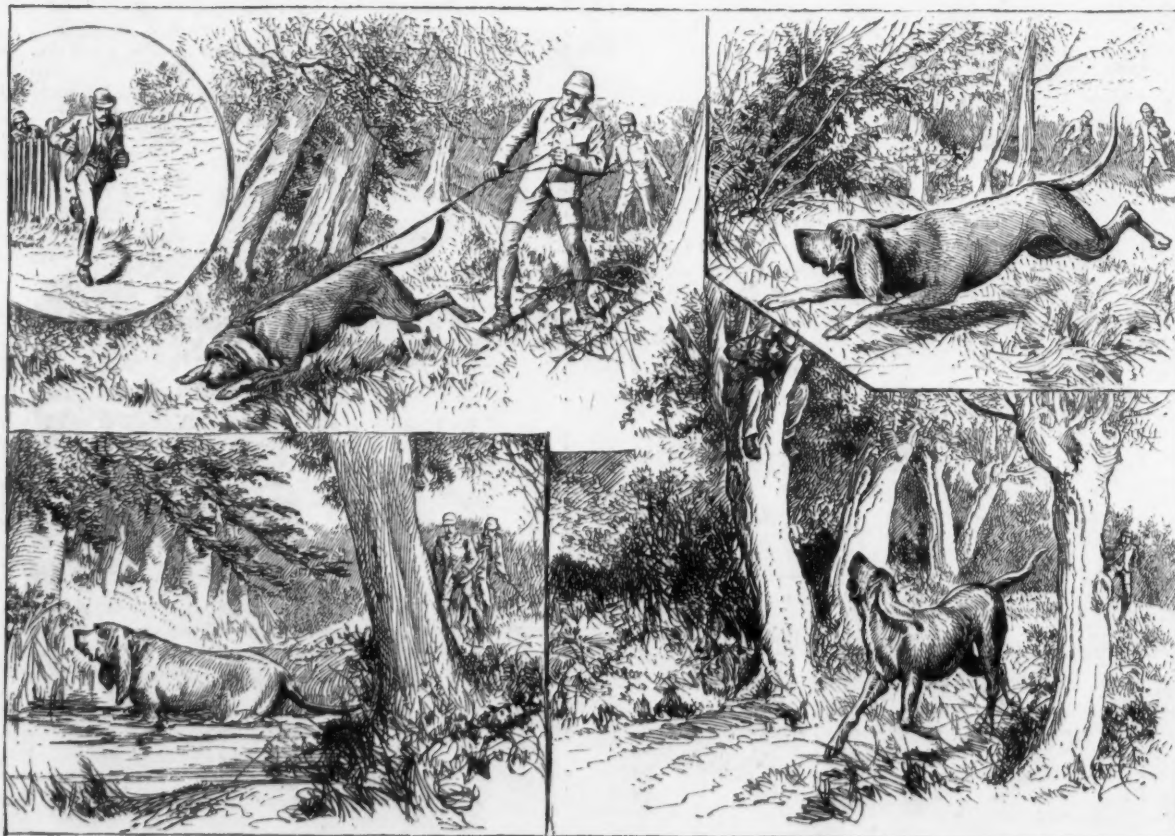


Sir A. L. Smith.

GREAT BRITAIN.—THE PARNELL COMMISSION—THE THREE JUDGES.



CHILE.—THE MENA RESERVOIR DISASTER, AT VALPARAISO—FLOODING OF THE CALLE SAN JUAN DE DIOS.



ENGLAND.—EXPERIMENTING, IN EPPING FOREST, WITH BLOODHOUNDS TO BE EMPLOYED IN TRACKING THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERER.



FRANCE.—STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE, BY FOURNIER, RECENTLY ERECTED IN PARIS.



THE NEW SWISS MINISTER.

CAPTAIN ALFRED DE CLAPARÉD, the new Swiss Minister, whose portrait we give on this page, is of Huguenot ancestry, distinguished in appearance, about forty-five years of age, and

highly accomplished. He was honored by the University of Berlin with the degree of Doctor of Laws, and has seen continuous diplomatic service for nearly twenty years either at the Courts of Vienna or Berlin. He is a Captain of Cavalry in the Swiss Army, and has occupied many offices of

trust in his native country. While eminently successful in his diplomatic career, he is also noted for his earnest labor in the field of benevolence, being presiding officer of divers Swiss societies, and President of the Aid Union of Swiss Societies in Europe.

Minister Claparéd is a married gentleman, having a wife and five children. The Minister, however, has preceded his family to America, and society at the National capital, we learn, will not likely have the pleasure of greeting Mme. de Claparéd during the approaching season.

A FUNERAL IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

THE death, last week, of Li Yu Doo, a noted and influential resident of the Chinese quarter of New York city, was followed by the lugubrious lying-in-state illustrated in this picture on page 181. Li Yu was one of the native chiefs in the Taiping Rebellion, and made his escape from Nanking when it was stormed by General Gordon in 1860. The Chinese leader made his way to Anam, where he became identified with the redoubtable Black Flags, with whom the French have had so many disastrous encounters. He came to the United States about five years ago, with some little money, and accompanied by a number of his old followers. Humiliated by the servile spirit of his countrymen in San Francisco, he removed to New York, where many of his friends had already preceded him. He invested his money in various Chinese enterprises for the importation of Chinese provisions, etc. Li Yu Doo left two families, one in Anam, and the other in China. He was fifty years old. It is said that his last days were much embittered by the passage of the recent Chinese Bill and the cruel treatment of his countrymen in the United

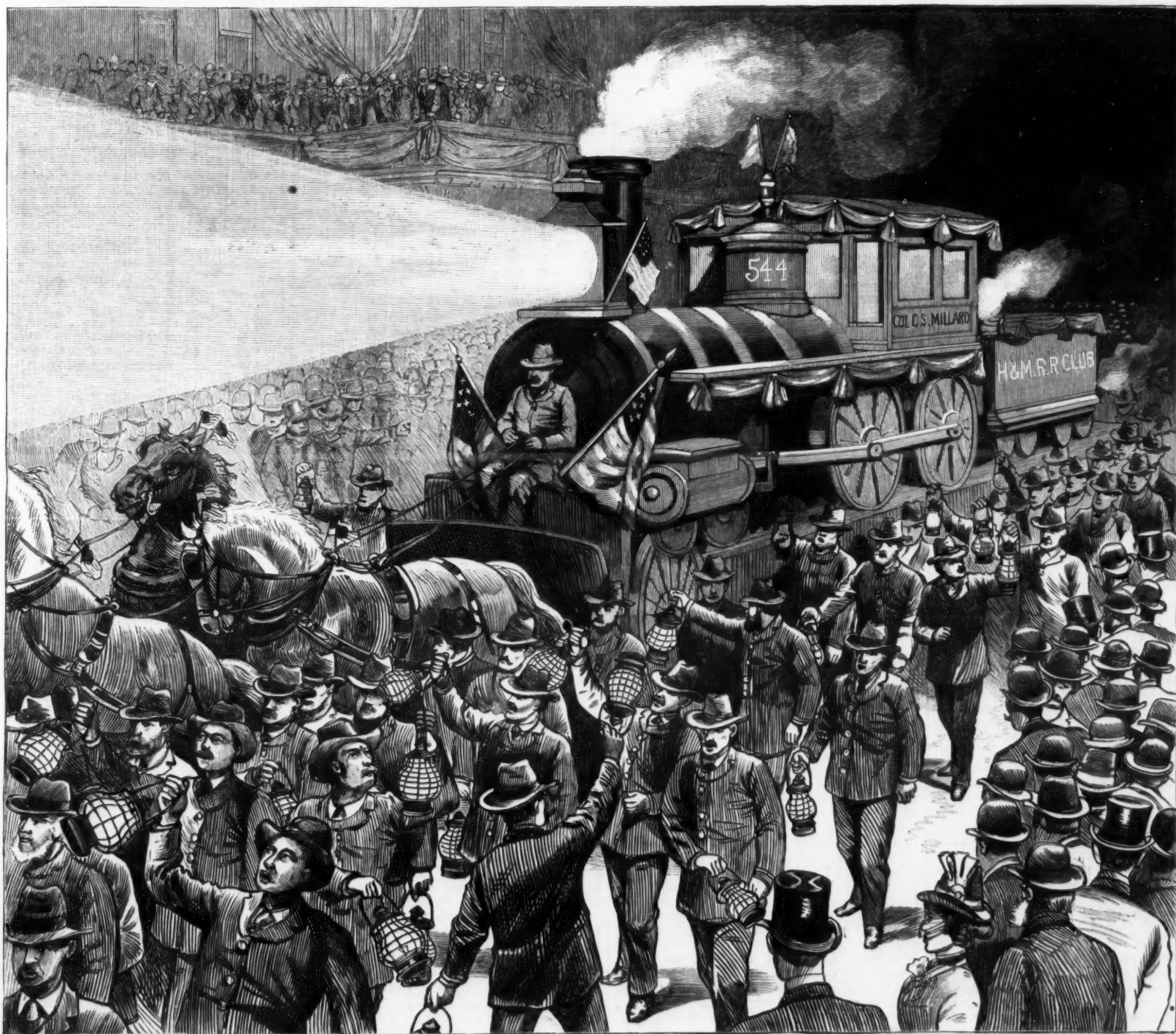


ALFRED DE CLAPARÉD, MINISTER PLÉNIPOTENTIARY OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION AT WASHINGTON.

States. The body of the dead Chinaman lay in a kind of grim public state, during last week, in the gloomy basement of an undertaker's establishment in Mott Street. A guard of two of his countrymen remained constantly around the coffin, reclining on mats, dreamily smoking, and from time to time replenishing the supply of smoldering joss-sticks, and burning slips of paper inscribed with prayers, supposed to ascend heavenward with the wreaths of blue smoke. The body was embalmed, and will probably be sent to China for burial at some future time. At the present writing, the details



INDIANA.—THE VISIT OF THE PLUG HAT BRIGADE, OF SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, TO GENERAL HARRISON, AT INDIANAPOLIS, OCTOBER 22D.  
FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 186.



CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN IN INDIANA.—PARADE OF THE REPUBLICAN RAILROAD CLUB IN INDIANAPOLIS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 186.



of the funeral ceremony and disposition of the body are unsettled. There will probably be a temporary burial in one of the cemeteries, and a cortege of Chinamen and ex-Black Flags, wearing Chinese mourning robes of white, is among the possible demonstrations.

## ATTAR OF ROSES.

A SUBTLE odor from the East  
Is wafted along the room;  
A penetrating scent—a feast  
Of delicate, sweet perfume.  
My vagrant fancies wing such flights,  
Such wonderful scenes disclose—  
A page from out the Arabian Nights  
On a whiff of attar of rose.

I hear the plash of fountains play  
Over tessellated floors;  
And music steals from far away  
Through curtained and latticed doors.  
Your couch's a divan soft, whereon  
You lie in voluptuous pose—  
Strange what fancies should float upon  
A whiff of attar of rose.

Sequins shine in your dusky hair,  
And jewels swing at your ears,  
And glistening on your bosom bare  
There are pearls that gleam like tears.  
I'm transformed to a swarthy Turk,  
My pipe a nargileh fancies—  
Strange what curious fancies lurk  
In a whiff of attar of rose.

With a muffled, stealthy, catlike tread,  
A eunuch creeps through the gloom.  
His bowstring does its work! and dead  
You lie in your fresh young bloom.  
I watch revengeful, cruel, dumb,  
The horrid scene to its close—  
Strange what hideous fancies come  
With a whiff of attar of rose.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

THE ENCHANTED WELL.  
A HALLOWEEN STORY.

BY ISABEL CAMPBELL.

IT was almost upon the border-land of David Dunbar's property, and that of his neighbor, Captain Proudfoot—about a rod on the right side for David—and it had been the cause of many hot and angry words between them, besides numerous expressions of ill-will from the villagers in general, especially the mothers.

The well was useless as a water-supply either to man or beast, the water being brackish, acrid, dark and ill-smelling, and had ceased to be of any service, even for purposes of irrigation. There was no known reason, therefore, why it should not have been filled up long ago, instead of remaining without windlass, pump, or covering of any description, a yawning gulf of death to the heedless or unwary pedestrian. It really was "atrocious, inhuman and criminal," as the captain said, with many expletives which were both naughty and nautical, but which seemed absolutely necessary to the sequence of his remarks, to allow such a trap to endanger the public safety.

Of course the field had been fenced; but who ever heard of a fence keeping out a schoolboy who had a mind to go in? They simply laughed—and climbed. Indeed, some impudent trespassers of this ilk had not hesitated to pull down the boards and wrest the posts from their places to make entrance and egress more convenient. So you see, Mr. Dunbar had some ground for defense, and as he had ground for almost everything else, owning vast tracks of land round about, perhaps the fact of his envious neighbor inveighing against him so bitterly on behalf of the children can be understood. In fact, these gentlemen acted towards each other like the proverbial cat and dog.

Laura Dunbar had often remonstrated with her father, even with tears and entreaties, upon the matter of the well, but in vain. Indulgent to his pretty daughter on other points, about this apparently trifling one he chose to be obdurate and unrelenting. Perhaps, however, if Captain Proudfoot had not demanded so incessantly the rectifying of this grievance, Laura might have more readily had her wish.

"What!" cried her irate father; "yield a jot to that snarling old sea-dog! Not if he barks his head off!"

David Dunbar would leave his wealth of real estate to his daughter Laura, and it was the desire of his heart—hers was not considered very much in the case—to marry her to a friend and distant relative many years her senior. The girl did not at all fall in with her father's wishes; indeed, she could hardly be expected to do so, under the circumstances. She loved some one else who adored her, and who was most urgent, almost peremptory, in his prayer that she should marry him at once!

Imagine David Dunbar's state of mind when he was made aware of the state of his daughter's affections, and his ungovernable rage when he further learned that this audacious lover was no other than the son of his bitterest foe!

Alec's father, naturally, was equally wrathful, and so the course of the young people's true love was made unusually rough and tempestuous.

Poor Alec was to be disowned and denied the parental roof if he did not straightway banish from his mind all such unfilial intentions; while Laura was threatened with disinheritance, and all the penalties that could be imposed on a disobedient, rebellious child, if she continued even to think or dream of such a thing.

As to thoughts and dreams, Laura smiled. She did not consider these very intangible matters within her control, and threw off from her conscience all responsibility concerning them. Except in dreams, however, she met her lover but seldom, and then, without any prearranged plan for a rendezvous. Perhaps there was some cord of sympathy that drew them together, unknown to

themselves. Be that as it may, one lovely Autumn day found them seated side by side on the rustic seat around the giant elm-tree, a favorite place with all the lovers in the vicinity.

"Laura, there is nothing to be gained by delay," the young man said, earnestly. "My father is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, to use his own comparison, and he is determined that I shall never marry your father's daughter—that is his only objection, you know."

"But my father has another," cried Laura, clasping her hands in despair. "He not only forbids my marrying your father's son, but he means that I shall marry some one else."

"Oh, never!" cried Alec, with a gesture of rage and dismay. "You see, darling, there is but one thing left for us to do. We must elope! To-morrow night, you say, your father will be away, engaged with the farmers. Meet me, then, as soon as he is gone, and I will arrange with Dr. Wagner to marry us. Don't say 'No,' love, but listen—I have a fortunate offer from the Geological Society to join a party of surveyors bound for the Northwest. It will be interesting and adventurous. Come with us, Laura."

The girl almost gasped for breath, her suitor was so eager and so hopeful, breaking down all conventional barriers with such a rash courage.

"Why, Alec," she said, surprised and reproachful, "you want me to be a Jessica, and fly in my father's absence! I always hated the girl, and have no wish to enact the rôle. Besides, her only excuse was that her father was a monster, while mine is good and kind."

"Good and kind, you think—"

"I think that I don't want any one to disparage my own father to my very face!" she said, indignantly, drawing her hand from his arm.

"Oh, very well! You have no objection, perhaps, to marry the cousin, either?"

"You are very rude; but I don't see that what you say has anything to do with the question."

"No? Well, to me, it seems to have a great deal to do with it."

"Well, it hasn't, then! It is one thing not to disobey my father by marrying against his will, but it is a very different thing to accede to his wish, when I do not care for the man he has chosen. Oh, Alec! the tortures of the Inquisition couldn't force me to marry a man I didn't love—to marry any one but you! That is, I mean, you know—"

"I know that you are the sweetest, truest, and best of girls! I know that you are an angel and I am—anything that's selfish and ungrateful! Forgive me, dear one, and tell me what we are to do. With two angry fathers to oppose us, we are as badly off as the unhappy Romeo and his Juliet."

She slipped her arm into his more closely than before. "Well, no good came of those famous lovers taking matters into their own hands, and so, with their fate before us, let us wait and hope for something to happen in our favor."

Alec sighed, and was silent for some time.

"Laura, I cannot stay at home," he said, presently. "This estrangement with my father makes things too unpleasant both for him and me. I shall accept the appointment I just spoke of, and when I come back, why, as you say, we will hope for better things."

"Oh, must you go away, and I stay here all alone? Oh, Alec!"

She turned her eyes upon him, and her lovely face had grown as white as a lily-leaf.

Quick words rose to Alec's lips, but she anticipated the reminder that he had asked her to go with him, and hastened to turn it aside.

"Well, dear, I will not make the going harder for you," she said, smiling through the tears that would come. "You will send me long, entertaining letters from that wild place, won't you? When do you start?"

"At once. And you will answer my letters?"

"Surely. Two to one, to occupy my leisure."

So they parted, and their respective fathers breathed again, trusting that time would dissipate the cloud that lowered upon their houses.

Time, indeed, passed with its usually imperturbable regularity, although Laura often felt that it dragged too wearily along; however, she tried to seem lively and gay as was her wont, not wishing to show a spirit of resentment or melancholy to her father.

It was Halloween, and David Dunbar was celebrating the old-country festival with jovial hospitality, and Laura had invited some friends to join them. The old Scotchman had many weird and wonderful tales to tell them, appropriate to the occasion, and all imported from his dearly loved "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." They were chiefly reminiscent of his boyhood, and wore such a truthful air of reality that the young people were pretty well frightened by the time he had finished, and thankful that they were not alone.

Laura, however, was affected with a strange, imaginative excitement, and she had secretly determined to make trial of one of the tests which the mysterious midnight hour afforded.

She was going to steal away from her guests and visit the Enchanted Well—the unused, uncanny well upon which gossip had so long since bestowed the peculiarity of magic. She meant to look into the shining depths with words and spells of mystic meaning, hoping "her true love to see."

Now, Laura Dunbar was the least superstitious of human beings, but to-night she was roused out of all commonplace and practical feelings by the romantic and inexplicable yearnings of youth and love. She put on her plaid cloak, and covering her head with the hood, she sped away. A couple of hills had to be passed over, and she at last reached her destination all breathless and nervous, and almost suffocating from the tumultuous beating of her heart. The moon was shining brightly, and the dark water sparkled in its rays.

Laura threw back the covering from her disheveled golden hair, and holding her breath—expectant, yet doubting; hoping, yet very much afraid—bent forward and looked in.

Suddenly she gave a piercing cry, the natural vent to her overtaxed feelings, and staggered back, reeling so that she might have fallen into the dangerous well, thus putting a tragic end to her father's obstinacy, had not a pair of strong arms caught her and pressed her to a fondly beating, very real human heart.

She sprang from his arms and looked at him with wide-open, startled eyes, then fell sobbing on his breast, hysterical with surprise and joy.

"My darling! Why, Laura, how I have frightened you! But I could not bear that you should be disappointed, so I looked over your shoulder just as you stooped forward."

He pushed back the golden curls from her white forehead and kissed it, looking into the violet eyes below with tender amusement.

"I only thought of seeing your likeness, not yourself," she faltered.

"Oh, then you would have been even more frightened, and there would have been no one to catch you!" he laughed. "But listen, darling, for I have news to tell you, both interesting and important! This is really an 'enchanted well,' for I am convinced, from signs which I have learned while away, and which I ought to have noticed before, that the whole place is an oil region. Laura, this is an oil-well!"

"Oh, is it?" she said. "But, tell me, how did you come here just now?"

"Oh, is it?" he echoed. "Why, my dear girl, don't you know—"

"I don't know anything about it; but what I want to know is, what brought you here to-night? I thought you were somewhere on the shores of Lake Superior, or even further away!"

He looked at her in astonishment, then burst into a ringing laugh.

"My great news has fallen flat!" he said. "Dearest Laura, a sudden impulse brought me home—and the midnight train. Then, since it was moonlight, I walked over to see the well, and here I am! By-the-by, what brought you here?"

"Oh, you have guessed! A mere whim. And oh, I wish I hadn't come!" she cried, looking about with anxious glances. "There are many wakeful eyes to-night, and if I should be seen here—with you—at this hour! Oh, I must go at once!"

"No one shall see you, love. Yes, you must go home. I will watch by yonder fence, and keep you in sight until you have reached your own door, without going with you. Can you get in easily?"

"Oh, yes! They are all up, and the house not locked yet."

He drew her cloak close around her, with its little hood almost hiding her face.

"Now run, my darling, and wave your handkerchief from the doorstep when you are safe. I shall see it from here."

She took a few flying steps, then stopped.

"Alec," she called back, low and clear, "I don't wish I hadn't come. I am very glad I did." Then she turned again and fled away.

The whole region round about proved to be prolific of oil. With Mr. Dunbar's eager consent, they operated first upon the well on his domain. They pumped and drilled, and in a very short time the precious stuff, of the very best and richest quality, began to flow freely, then so violently that other places were tried near by, to relieve the rush. Soon, several sister wells were discovered, mostly on the captain's ground, and thousands of barrels were carried away daily. People trooped into the village—speculators, adventurers, workmen, and many brought by curiosity alone.

The fences between David Dunbar's property and Captain Proudfoot's were soon ruthlessly torn down, and teams of horses galloped over the land, from the fields of one gentleman to those of the other, with reckless disregard of the prohibitions against trespassers which were conspicuous upon both.

The owners were neither annoyed nor indignant, but excitedly followed the crowd to which each field was the scene of interest for the time. Upon the first day they regarded each other with moderate fierceness. On the second, they mingled with the workmen, offering advice and suggestions, and forgot to look fierce at all. After that they spoke to one another—with formality at first, then with growing cordiality. The well which had given rise to so much dissension was now very much protected against the invasion of intruders, either adult or juvenile, and Captain Proudfoot was appeased. When Mr. Dunbar asked him, one day, in a sudden spasm of good-humor, to come home and dine with him, the invitation was honored by acceptance, and so the feud was ended.

And how did all this affect the lovers? Well, it served their wishes, too. David Dunbar had secretly come to the conclusion that his daughter Laura had inherited from her father certain peculiarities of temperament which made it almost useless to seek to bend her will, and he was glad of an opportunity to retreat with dignity from the contest and let her have her way. She might marry the captain's son, if she was still of that mind, and he would wish them joy at the wedding.

As for the captain, he told that same son, with a vigorous slap on the shoulder, that his sweetheart was a "handsome, trim little craft," and that he couldn't do better than "take command."

So, before many months were over, the heirs of these two gentlemen, now reckoned among the millionaires of the country, were a happy wedded pair.

When Halloween came round again they all met together to welcome it. The nuts that had been gathered with such pleasure were gleefully burned by the younger members of the party, while the traditional Scotch whisky-punch was concocted by the elders, and drunk over a friendly game of whist.

"Who could have thought, a year ago, that this

group would have hobnobbed thus together to-night?" said Alec.

"Oh, my boy, do not speak of unpleasant by-gones! Let them be by-gones. Only remember—and nothing could be more appropriate under the circumstances—that 'all's well that ends well!'"

"Ah, captain," said Mr. Dunbar, with a triumphant chuckle, "I can go one better than that. The lad has 'thrown oil on the troubled waters!'"

"Come, come!" said Laura, briskly, "this brilliant interchange of wit is quite too dazzling! Attend to your game, please. I will give you a lucky trump!"

"Let it be spades, dear, as a suitable symbol," laughed Alec.

"No, no! Nothing so earthy! There, take up your cards, gentlemen. Hearts are trumps!"

## SACCHARIN AND ITS USES.

THE curious product from coal-tar known as saccharin was introduced by a French chemist two years ago, since when a factory for its production has been established in Westerhausen, near the old historic town of Magdeburg, in Prussia. Saccharin has become so formidable a rival of cane and beet-root sugar for many manufacturing purposes, that the producers of these look upon the new material with great disfavor. Late French papers state that the French sugar manufacturers have begun a campaign against it, and the Society of Agriculturists have petitioned the Government to forbid its manufacture, as being prejudicial to the beet-root-sugar trade, although experiments have shown that it is not noxious.

It has been found that in its pure state it is difficult of solution, but this defect is corrected by the addition of an alkaline bicarbonate that is added by small portions to the saccharin mixed in the water. No heat is employed, as under the influence of heat soda will transform saccharin into salicylic acid. Neither flies, bees nor other insects will touch saccharin in any form, but physicians are already prescribing it for patients afflicted with diseases which will not admit of their taking sugar. A gentleman to whom sugar was forbidden tried saccharin, using it alone to sweeten lemon-juice and stewed cranberries. He found that it would not mix, and experimented with various things to remedy it, but was unsuccessful until he thought of glycerine; one dram of saccharin with one pound of glycerine, heated to solution, makes a mixture closely resembling honey, and one that readily dissolves in water, milk, tea, coffee, wines and liquors.

Saccharin is used now in cake, candy and champagne. Its sweetening power is 300 times greater than that of sugar, and it has neither the latter's nutritive nor injurious properties. It does not ferment, and is in no way altered by the action of yeast and other ferments. In addition to this, it has also antiseptic properties which make it useful in preserving articles of food. It is a condiment, or spice, and should never be tasted in its pure state.

A distinguished American chemist, when asked for some information respecting the new material, said: "Saccharin is really in many ways a remarkable product. It is the sweetest substance known. One part of it in 70,000 parts of water will give the water a perceptibly sweet taste equal to one part of cane sugar in 250 parts of water, and a solution of one in 10,000 is intensely sweet. In appearance it is a white crystalline powder, soluble in 230 parts of water at 25° Centigrade, and is easily soluble in alcohol and ether. Its scientific name is benzoyl sulphonic amide."

Curiously enough, saccharin is in no way related to the class of sugars (carb-hydrates), either chemically or physiologically. It is not only unfermentable, but it possesses an anti-zytomic action; that is, it retards the ammoniacal fermentations in certain secretions. It is indigestible, inert and non-poisonous; when taken into the stomach, and passes out unchanged. These properties give it an important place in dietetics, pharmacy and therapeutics. When mixed with the food of diabetic or obese patients it enables them to indulge in sweetened dishes which ordinarily must be denied them on account of the injurious effects of sugar under such conditions.

"It is a harmless and effective sweetening agent for bitter medicines, and chemical combinations of it with several alkaloids, such as quinine, strychnine and morphine, have been employed with marked success. It is also given with other remedial agents, or in pure solution as an anti-fermentative medicine in various gastric and intestinal disorders."

Besides these medical uses, saccharin is largely employed in France as a substitute for sugar in confectionery and liquors. One part of it to 1,000 or 2,000 parts of glucose (grape sugar) makes an equivalent to cane sugar for confectioners' use, and one part of saccharin to 8,000 parts of liquid is considered sufficient for making sweet liqueurs. Altogether there is good reason for the concern felt by sugar producers on account of a substance, a teaspoonful of which will convert a barrel of water into good syrup, and which does not decay, mold or ferment, and has no injurious effect upon the human system.

"The chief difficulty in the way of its use is the high cost of production; but improved processes will doubtless be devised which will bring its market value to a much lower figure than it now commands."

## GENERAL HARRISON'S VISITORS.

EVER since his nomination for the Presidency, General Harrison's life has been almost one continuous reception of visiting delegations—a pleasant and proud state of existence, indeed, but so exhausting that the popular candidate felt compelled finally to take refuge behind an expressed resolution to make no more public speeches until after election. This resolution had scarcely been made when it was irresistibly swept away by the



visit of the large and enthusiastic delegation of Ohio workmen, from Springfield, on Monday of last week. The visitors numbered over 2,000, consisting of an organization known as the Plug Hat Brigade, divided into a dozen companies, all under command of General A. S. Bushnell, one of the Republican leaders in Ohio. The weather did not smile upon the visitors, but General Harrison and all Indianapolis did, and there was continuous cheering along the line of march, from the railway station to Tomlinson Hall. Accompanying the brigade were half a dozen bands. A great number of flags were carried and a miniature log-cabin was in the procession. The delegation was composed of all classes of Springfield citizens, but the majority of them were workmen employed in the Springfield manufacturing, which are among the largest in the West. General Bushnell, as the spokesman of the visitors, said that they came as the representatives of 400,000 Republicans, to pay respects to a former citizen of Ohio. General Harrison replied with an excellent speech, after which he was presented with a brightly polished horseshoe, "made from American steel, hammered out by an Englishman, who had felt the effects of competing cheap labor, and was now a citizen of this country, about to cast his first vote for Benjamin Harrison." After the customary handshaking, the delegation returned to Springfield in the afternoon, well pleased with their visit.

Our artist also secured at Indianapolis a sketch of a picturesque detachment of the Republican Railroad Club of Indianapolis, which participated in the great Harrison labor parade of Thursday last. The procession on this occasion, with its unique emblems, is described as having looked "more like an industrial display than a political demonstration."

The line of march led through the principal streets out to General Harrison's house, and, accompanied by Charles H. Litchman and R. D. Layton, the general rode between the lines to Tomlinson Hall. He was cheered continuously along the route by the workmen in the procession and by the thousands of people in the streets.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

PORTRAITS are given of the three eminent British Judges of the Commission appointed to investigate the charges made by the London Times against Mr. Parnell and a number of other Irish Members of Parliament in connection with crime in Ireland. Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-general of the Government, opened the case for the Times on Monday of last week. The Right Hon. Secretary, Sir James Hannen, of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, who presides over the Commission of Judges in the case, was born in 1821, was educated at St. Paul's School and Heidelberg University, and was called to the Bar in 1848. In 1853-55 he was agent on the part of Great Britain in the Commission for the settlement of certain claims which were outstanding between that country and the United States; in 1868-72 he was a Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench; in 1872-75 he was Judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce; in November, 1875, he became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature; and in 1881 a member of the Court of Appeal. The Hon. Sir John Charles Day was born in 1826, and educated at Fribourg and Downside College, Bath. He was called to the Bar in 1849, and went the Home and afterwards the Southeastern Circuit; he became a Q. C. in 1872, and a Bench in 1872, and was appointed a Judge of the High Court of Justice (Queen's Bench Division) in June, 1882. It will be remembered that the Gladstonians in the House of Commons made a dead set against the appointment of Mr. Justice Day on the Parnell Commission, alleging that (although he happens to be by religion a Roman Catholic) he was prejudiced against the Irish people, and citing as proof of this some pertinent remarks of his at the Liverpool Assizes on the brutal nature of the crimes committed by the Irish denizens of that seaport. The Hon. Sir Archibald Levin Smith was born in 1836, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the Bar in 1860. He went the Home Circuit, and was junior counsel to the Treasury, 1878-83, in which latter year he was appointed a Judge of the High Court of Justice (Queen's Bench Division).

##### THE RESERVOIR DISASTER AT VALPARAISO.

The terrible disaster of August last, which we illustrate, occurred through the bursting of a large reservoir in the hills some 900 feet above Valparaiso, and containing some 64,000 tons of water. The reservoir was merely a ravine closed by an earthen dam, which appears to have been unable to resist the pressure of a sudden agitation of the water, caused by a landslide. The waters poured down into a hollow, and for a time were checked by an embankment; but this eventually gave way, and then a huge liquid torrent of mud poured down a narrow gully for a mile and a half, carrying away everything before it, and inundating a large area of the city. The catastrophe was so sudden that the people in the streets were unable to escape, and were drowned, or rather suffocated, by the turbid mass, while large boulders, some of fifteen tons in weight, were brought down from the heights. Two hundred persons are thought to have lost their lives, and the destruction of property was immense. Many persons had marvelous escapes, and several thousands were left destitute, homeless, and almost naked. The alarm in the city was indescribable. People fled in all directions, for, as the existence of the reservoir was known to very few, it was generally believed that the sea was rushing from its bed, and that the town would be engulfed, while others thought that a volcano had burst forth.

##### BLOODHOUNDS FOR WHITECHAPEL.

The perpetrator of the horrible and mysterious murders of women that have taken place in the Whitechapel district of London during the past few weeks has succeeded thus far in completely eluding the police. Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, has undertaken to supplement such acumen as the British detective may possess with canine sagacity and keenness of scent. Hence the much-talked-of experiments with bloodhounds, in ancient Epping Forest, where some rather ludicrous man-hunts have recently taken place. Our readers, by referring to the sketches, will see how the man was "started." The hound did not see him; otherwise, the experiment, which was made for the purpose of Sir Charles Warren and his colleagues, would have been valueless. Then the hound was put on to the scent, which presently became hot. The hound strained on the "lead," as the old sporting writers call the "slip"; then she was let

loose. She was running merrily all the time, just as a hound generally runs when she knows her quarry. When she found him, he was "up a tree" (see the last sketch), because she was then baying with a volume which might have been heard from Chingford to Epping. This was a trained hound, which was at fault only when she reached a brook. She lost the scent but for a moment or two before she found her quarry. The dogs have been turned loose in Whitechapel, without any special result thus far—unless, indeed, the rumor of their presence may have temporarily frightened off the murderous fiend.

##### SHAKESPEARE IN PARIS.

The statue of Shakespeare, by Paul Fournier, presented to the City of Paris by Mr. William Knighton, was unveiled on the 14th ult. It stands at the intersection of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Avenue de Messine. The municipal authorities were present at the unveiling ceremonies. Speeches were made by Mr. Knighton, Lord Lytton, M. Jules Claretie, as director of the Théâtre Français, and M. Mezieres, in the name of the Académie, while M. Mounet-Sully, the actor, recited passages from Shakespeare's works. The figure is the traditional likeness. Shakespeare stands upright, with a mantle draped over his left arm, while his right hand holds an open book. The pedestal is in rough gray granite and white stone. On the front are the words, "William Shakespeare, 1564-1616," and masks ornament the four sides, while a garland of different fruits intertwines a ribbon bearing the names of Shakespeare's chief plays.

#### THE DEMOCRATIC PARADE IN NEW YORK.

THE weather was not smiling last Saturday afternoon; but Old Probabilities had given timely warning of clouds and rain, so that nobody was disappointed, and the great parade of Democratic business men was reviewed in fine form by President Cleveland in person, as well as by a vast and enthusiastic throng gathered in and about Madison Square and along lower Broadway. The grand stand, facing the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the opposite side of Broadway, gayly flaunted its neat but not gaudy decorations, in defiance of misty and threatening skies. It was occupied by a solid and sombre phalanx of representative business men and prominent Democrats, unrelieved by the flutter of feminine finery, it having been found impracticable to reserve accommodations for ladies within the limited space at the disposal of the committee of arrangements.

The procession, consisting of from 30,000 to 40,000 men, representing all the great exchanges and a large number of business men's clubs, was imposing in numbers and quality. It started from Bowling Green about half-past one o'clock, and marched up Broadway (which had been cleared of street-cars and all traffic) to Waverly Place, thence across to Fifth Avenue, and up to Twenty-ninth Street, where it was dismissed. President Cleveland's appearance on the reviewing-stand was greeted with round after round of cheers. For the next hour or two he was kept unremittingly busy, smilingly returning the salutes of the passing organizations. The scene, which is given in its ensemble in our picture on pages 188-89, was animated and impressive. The great Democratic demonstration was, indeed, a spectacular success, despite the unpropitious weather.

#### A PICTURE OF CREOLE PLANTATION LIFE.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* tells of a typical Louisiana farmer as follows: "I went the other day to one of these sweet and simple country homes, and was received with the somewhat solemn, dignified and courtly hospitality that characterizes the native French farmer when his castle is invaded. Shortly after entering we were handed a cup of black coffee. The pot is always on the hearth. There are many such homes in the State. They are a part of Louisiana as it is. In the fields around the house were small crops of cotton, cane, rice, corn, sweet potatoes and a row of tobacco, and flanking the field was a strip of swamp, furnishing the family with fuel and lumber. The rice the farmer threshes and cleans himself, the corn is pounded for meal in a wooden mortar, the sweet potatoes are stored in a bin for the winter, the cotton is picked and ginned by the wife seeding it with her fingers. It is she who spins it and weaves it into cloth, which she dyes with peach-leaves and indigo, and of this she makes clothing for her family, blankets for her beds, curtains for her windows and a covering for her floor. The patch of cane gives the family sugar and molasses. From his stock of horses the farmer cuts hair from their manes and tails and weaves it into ropes, horse-collars and harness. His beds he makes of moss gathered in the swamp, and his wife milks her cows and makes an occasional pat of butter by shaking the cream in a bottle or gourd. The man cures his own tobacco, and if you visit his little home, which is made of cypress logs and a mud plaster mixed with moss and kneaded by the feet of himself and his neighbors, he will offer you all these home-made hospitalities."

#### HOW THUNDER IS CAUSED.

ONE of the most terse and succinct descriptions of a natural phenomenon is that recently given by M. Hirn, in which he says that the sound which is known as thunder is due simply to the fact that the air traversed by an electric spark—that is, a flash of lightning—is suddenly raised to a very high temperature, and has its volume, moreover, considerably increased. The column of gas thus suddenly heated and expanded is sometimes several miles long, and as the duration of the flash is not even a millionth of a second, it follows that the noise bursts forth at once from the whole column, though for an observer in any one place it begins where the lightning is at the least distance. In precise terms, according to M. Hirn, the beginning of the thunder-clap gives us the minimum distance of the lightning, and the length of the thunder-clap gives us the length of the column. He also remarks that when a flash of lightning strikes the ground, it is not necessarily from the place struck that the first noise is heard. M. Hirn points out that a bullet whistles in traversing the air, so that we can to a certain extent follow its flight, the same thing also happening with a falling meteorite just before striking the earth. The noise actually heard has been compared to the sound produced when one tears linen. It is due, really, to the fact that the air rapidly pushed on one side in front of the projectile, whether a bullet or a meteorite, quickly rushes back to fill the gap left in the rear.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

IN one of the Italian quarters in New York a shave can now be had for three cents. And yet most Italians wear beards.

THE strained relations between Germany and the Vatican may lead to the recall of the German Envoy at Rome, Baron von Schloetzer.

A CROCODILE-TAMER is the last king in the animal-subduing world. His name is Peronnet. He is a citizen of Algiers, and is going to take himself and his crocodiles to Paris for the coming season.

CHINESE officials threaten that if the Anti-Chinese Law shall be carried into effect by our Government, retaliation measures will be adopted prohibiting citizens of the United States from entering China.

MR. I. V. WILLIAMSON, of Philadelphia, has determined to begin operations at once looking to the construction in that city of an institution for the education of boys in all departments of mechanical labor, and similar in many respects to Girard College. A board of seven managers have already been selected. Mr. Williamson is in feeble health, but hopes to see the buildings finished during his lifetime. The cost is estimated at over \$5,000,000.

THERE was a circus at Chestertown, Md., one day last week, and with it were seven elephants. Their car was run alongside a locomotive. One of the elephants put his trunk out through a crevice in the car, reached over to the tender of the locomotive, lifted the lid of the water-tank and helped himself. The other six elephants did the same, and in a short time the tank was dry. The train hands did not see the performance, and only when the engineer tried to start his engine did he find that the water was gone.

THE largest passenger locomotive ever built is now under construction at the Hinkley Works in Boston, and is intended for use on the Atchafalaya Railroad. It carries two cabs, one over the boiler for the engineer, and the other in the usual place for the fireman. The driving-wheels, which are the largest ever made, are of paper with steel tires. Economy in fuel is accomplished by a pump which utilizes the exhaust steam to heat water, and by a large combustion-chamber which burns all the gas. It is expected the engine will make eighty miles an hour with ten coaches on an ordinary road.

WARM weather brought on a disheartening increase of yellow fever in Florida towards the latter part of last week, there being over seventy new cases daily in Jacksonville, with two or three deaths. The total number of deaths up to date is nearly 400. In the town of Enterprise, Fla., and in Decatur, Ala., new cases have been announced almost daily. The towns about Enterprise have declared a rigid quarantine, and are maintaining it with shotguns. South Jacksonville has suffered a renewal of panic, and many families have gone into camp in the neighboring pine-woods.

SENATOR LELAND STANFORD, the founder of the great California University, which he has endowed to the extent of \$20,000,000, has arrived from Europe. He has been picking up treasures for the magnificent museum which is to form a part of the University buildings, and in this object he has been successful. He purchased art models and works of art in all parts of Europe regardless of expense, and has, he thinks, to-day the nucleus at least for a university museum superior to any in the country. It is his principal aim in life to establish as speedily as possible the first Pacific Coast seat of learning.

ALL will be interested to know that General Harrison's most intimate friend is Mr. Miller's small daughter, Jessie. General Harrison is the idol of her childish affections, and he has never fallen from his place except upon one occasion, when she complained dolefully that she had a composition on the cow to write, and only knew two things about it. "What are they, Jess?" Her idea of his encyclopedic knowledge received a blow with that question. Poising her slight form, in a tone and with hand extended in an attitude worthy of a Democratic orator, she exclaimed: "Well, general! Do you mean to say that you don't know that a cow has four legs and a compound stomach?"

THE Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has a paper published for his own private reading exclusively. It is made up solely of extracts from foreign and local papers concerning His Majesty or questions of Austrian policy. The foreign extracts are translated, condensed as much as possible, and then written upon linen paper, which is then handed to the Emperor every morning. Sometimes the *Imperial Review*, as it is called, consists of as many as sixteen pages. Nothing of importance can be omitted, praise and blame being alike required. Three copies of this wonderful journal are prepared. One goes to the Emperor; another, to the Secretary of State; and a third, to the Prime Minister. The cost of the publication is two hundred thousand gulden yearly.

THE records of the White House show that the whole number of Bills and Joint Resolutions passed at the session of Congress just closed was 1,443, of which 1,197 were approved by the President, 95 became laws without signature, 128 were vetoed, and 23 failed for want of signature up to the time of adjournment. Among the Acts approved by the President were the following: Making an appropriation for the enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion Act; the Act for a lighthouse between Barnegat and Navesink lights, New Jersey; the Joint Resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to protect the Washington Aqueduct Tunnel; the Act granting the right of way for the construction of a railroad through the Hot Springs Reservation; the Act in regard to the time for the meeting of the Electors of President and Vice-President.

THE London *Miller* places the world's crop of wheat for 1888 at 2,206,422,200 bushels and the normal demand at 2,229,300,000 bushels, or about 23,000,000 bushels more than the crop. As the surplus carried over from last year must largely exceed this small deficit, it will be seen that if the *Miller*'s figures are correct, no section is threatened with a bread-famine. Of the countries producing a surplus, the United States stand first, according to this statement, with 95,298,040 bushels available for export. Russia comes second on the list, and can spare 70,000,000 bushels, and India third, with a balance of 36,000,000 for her neighbors who need. Turkey and Roumania can spare 30,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 20,000,000; and Australia, 19,000,000. Of the importing countries, Great Britain wants 143,000,000 bushels; France, 61,000,000; Italy and Sicily, 44,000,000; Belgium and Holland, 22,000,000; Spain and Portugal, 14,000,000; and the German Empire, 13,400,000.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE late "Long John" Wentworth of Chicago left an estate valued at \$4,500,000.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE has resumed charge of the great Bible-class in Tremont Temple, Boston.

THE late Elizabeth Tabor, of Marion, Mass., bequeathed \$187,000 to religious and charitable objects.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE is to be one of the lecturers at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution during the winter.

SECRETARY ENDICOTT has forbidden the use of tobacco in the War Department. The country must and shall be preserved.

MRS. QUAY and her daughters are living quietly at Washington, while the Senator attends to his patriotic duties in New York city.

THE fund to defray the expenses of the defense of Mr. Parnell and his associates in meeting the charges brought by the London *Times* now amounts to £11,000.

ARTHUR A. BRIGHAM, of Marlborough, Mass., Master of the State Grange, has accepted a position as Professor of Agriculture in an agricultural college in Japan.

THE decree forbidding the sale of Dr. Mackenzie's book in Germany has been rescinded. The Dunsburg Court has declared the stoppage of the publication of Dr. Mackenzie's work to be illegal.

At the balloting for President, at the morning session of the Women's Christian Temperance Union on Monday of last week, Miss Frances E. Willard was re-elected, receiving 360 votes out of the total of 391 cast.

JOHN BRUCE THOMPSON, a New York milliner, has been sued by the Government for \$1,000, the penalty for importing foreign labor under contract, he having brought a young Frenchwoman to this country to trim bonnets.

JOAQUIN MILLER, the Poet of the Sierras, accidentally shot himself in the hand while shooting quail near Oakland, Cal., one day last week. The wound is a painful one, but not necessarily dangerous unless lockjaw sets in, which is improbable.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, the author of "Gates Ajar," "Old Maid's Paradise," and other works, was married a fortnight since to the Rev. Herbert D. Ward, of New York city. Mr. Ward is not over thirty-five, being several years younger than Miss Phelps.

PRINCE BISMARCK recently gave a *fête* to his servants and tenants at Friedrichsruhe to celebrate the dispatch to Berlin of 5,000 telegraph-poles cut in his forests. Bismarck has supplied Germany with 100,000 telegraph-poles during the last ten years.

DR. CASSIUS M. RICHMOND and Mrs. Kane (one of the famous Fox sisters) are dealing what they call "the death-blow to Spiritualism," in the form of public lectures exposing the manner in which the clever Fox combination has gulled the world for some decades past.

REV. DR. D. J. O'CONNELL, now President of the American College at Rome, has been appointed Bishop of Richmond, to succeed the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, who recently resigned his bishopric to take charge of the Catholic University at Washington as its first rector.

BELVA ANN LOCKWOOD's campaign is moving along gloriously. A Belva Lockwood Club, composed of sixty women, has been formed in Pittsburgh, Pa. The uniform adopted by the club is a pretty bloomer of red, white and blue. It is unfortunate that these followers of a courageous leader cannot vote.

GENERAL BOOTH has adopted the device of the enterprising politicians who invented the Home-rule van. A Salvation van is on a tour in Europe. It is occupied by three members of the Army, and is fitted up with much comfort and even luxury. It arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle last week, and remained at the historic city for three days, doing a brisk trade in woodcuts, translations of the *War Cry*, cheap jerseys, and other aids to salvation.

THE suit which Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., proposes to institute for the alienation of her husband's affections will be directed against both Mr. and Mrs. James G. Blaine, Sr., but the papers will not be served while the elder Blaine is engaged in campaign work. It is alleged that the mother-in-law in the case is the real source of all the trouble, and that Mr. Blaine has never given any occasion for complaint on the part of the young wife or her friends.

JUDGE DENNY, of California, was American Consul at Shanghai when Viceroy Li Hung Chang secured for him a position as adviser to the King of Corea at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Li thought that he could make an instrument of Denny in furthering Chinese schemes against Corea. But Judge Denny proved loyal to the King, and prevented the Chinese from deposing that monarch. He is now urging the King to declare independence of the suzerainty of China.

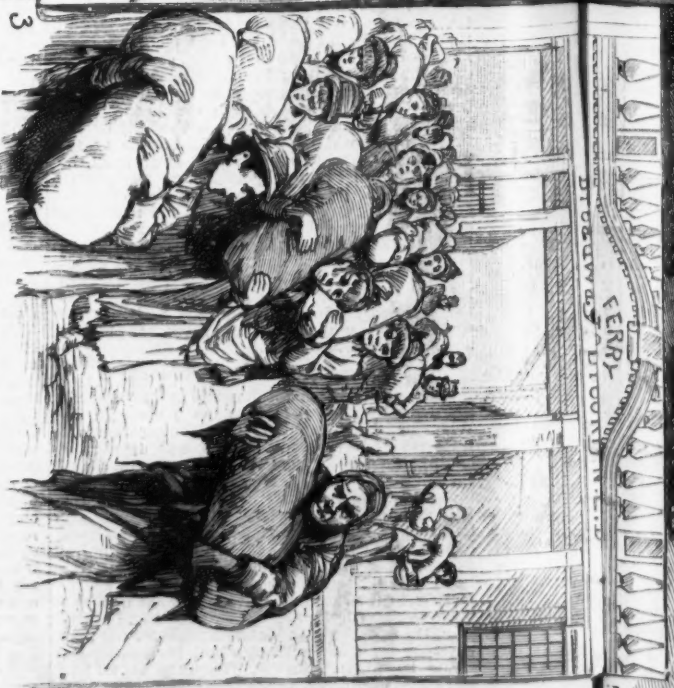
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is not often seen at the White House at present. He spends most of his time at Oak View. There he receives his guests, mail and telegrams. He will remain at Oak View until after Election Day. He is said to be tired out, and needs rest. Mrs. Cleveland has become intensely interested in the campaign, and has developed a great head for politics. She knows the Electoral vote of each State and how it went in previous Presidential campaigns. She has made a special study of the situation in New York, and feels confident that her husband will be re-elected.

THE Metropolitan of Servia, Theodosius, has published a pastoral in which he dissolves the marriage of King Milan and Queen Natalie. The decree will not change the general opinion that Queen Natalie has been divorced, not for being an unfaithful wife, but for being an unskilled politician. Her fortune was a great aid to her husband earlier in his career, and she set out to play a great part in the politics of the Balkan Peninsula. She failed, ceased to be useful to Russia, and came to be obnoxious to Austria. "Her alleged infidelities—and she was in this sinned against rather than sinning," as the *Press* truly says—"would never have troubled her husband's peace if her intrigues had not threatened to replace him by his son, with the Queen as guardian and Russian bayonets in the background." The Queen, it is gratifying to learn, has appealed to Patriarch Dionysius at Constantinople, who is the superior of Metropolitan Theodosius, against the latter's action in dissolving her marriage.

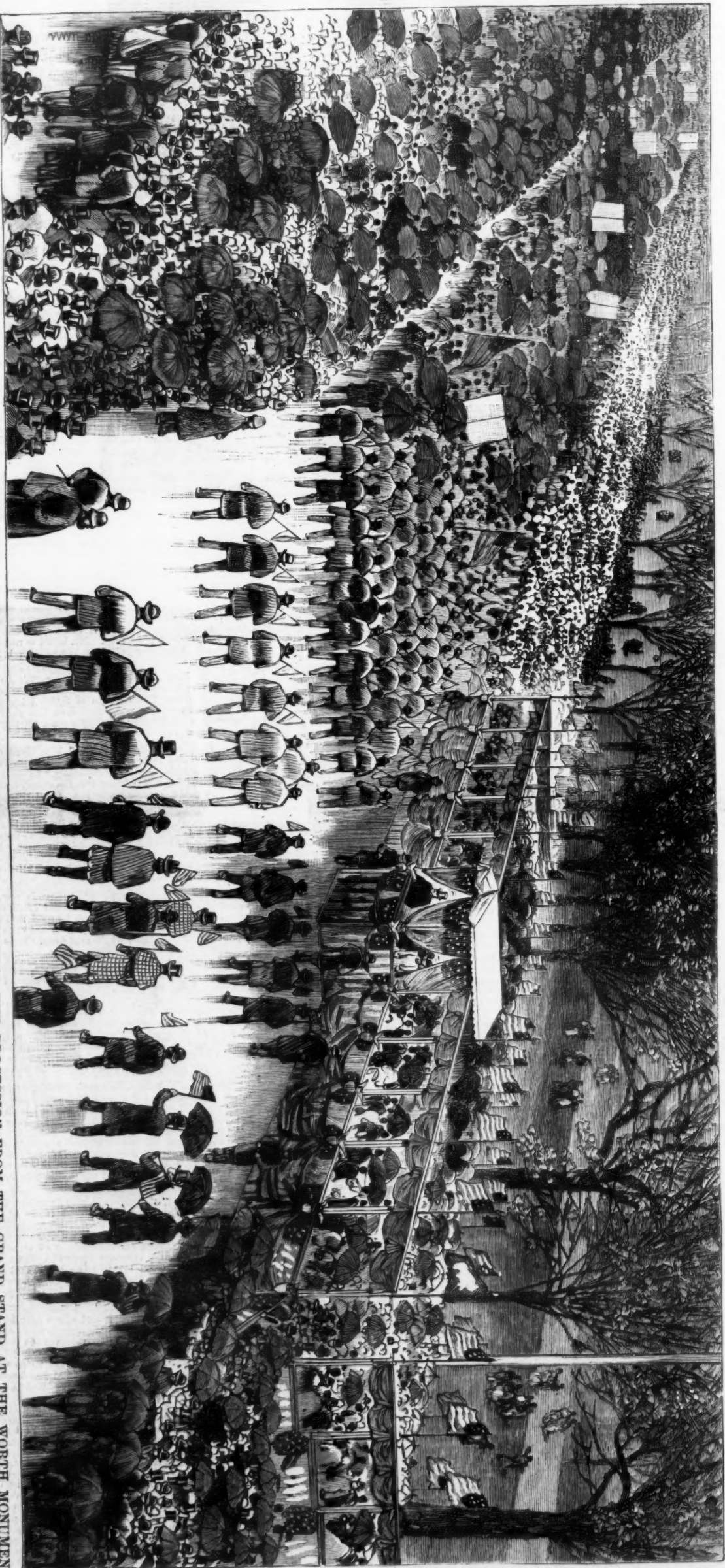




MAINE.—TRAPPING A SHEEP-STEALER.  
SEE PAGE 191.

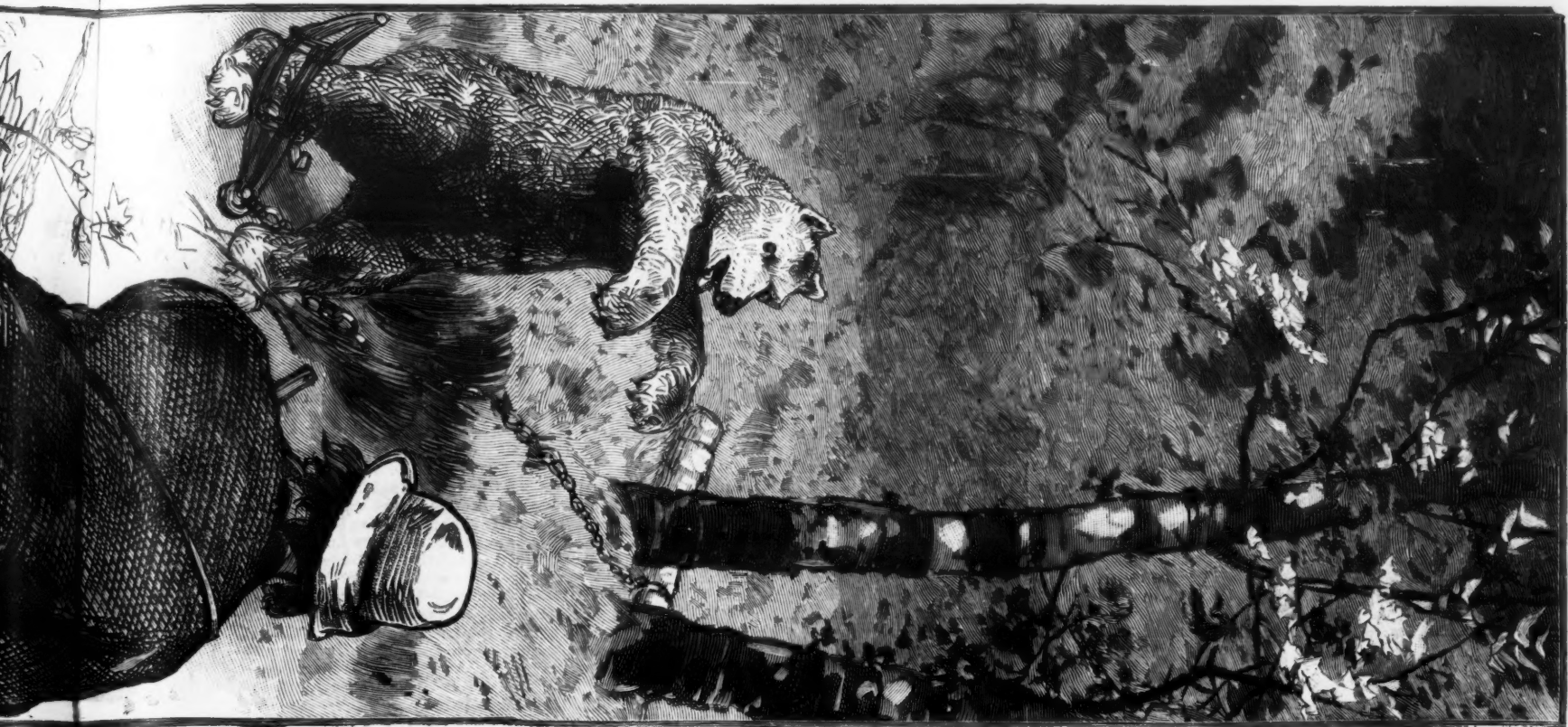


1. SCENE IN A "SWEATER'S" FACTORY. 2. THE END. 3. SCENE AT THE GRAND STREET FERRY.  
THE FEMALE SLAVES OF NEW YORK.—"SWEATERS" AND THEIR VICTIMS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 191.



NEW YORK CITY.—DEMONSTRATION OF DEMOCRATIC BUSINESS MEN, OCTOBER 27TH.—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND REVIEWING THE PROCESSION FROM THE GRAND STAND AT THE WORTH MONUMENT.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 187.







# For Dayber's Echo:

THE  
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY  
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF  
"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF  
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

DR. PILLAH hurried to New York, after his failure to secure Valley Park Academy. He felt, somehow, that there was some danger menacing him and his interests there, and that he must lose no time. He lost none. He was not many hours behind Prince Prettyman in reaching that city.

When Prince Prettyman hurried from Mrs. Pillah's presence, angered beyond endurance at the words she had spoken, he came very near surprising Peter Pillah in the hall. Only his pause at the door, to speak the last sentence the lady ever heard from his lips, saved the doctor from being seen. As it was, the listener had only time to slip silently into a room across the hall before the wolf-like man sprang, leaping and snarling, along the hall and down the stairs.

I suppose secrecy is the first impulse which an almost detected eavesdropper has, even when he has been listening in his own house. So, the doctor had rushed into hiding, instead of standing forth and meeting his foe boldly. His second impulse, one of a sort I hope you and I, my dear reader, have always been strangers to, and always will be, though I cannot think that it was, all things being taken into account, an unnatural one, came too late—and, because of that fact, Prince Prettyman went out into the street alive. It would have been a serious matter, of course, to have killed this wild-looking, wilder-acting, and wildest-talking of all the few visitors Mrs. Peter Pillah had had, and to have done it in a house fronting on a street in one of the greatest and best-policed cities in the world, and to have done it at noonday. But, a minute after the front door had closed behind him, it would have cost Prince Prettyman his life to have returned to say to Mrs. Pillah some final thing he had forgotten. By that time the natural desires of the doctor were dominant again; by that time he was equally ready to take the shortest way to revenge, and the riskiest way to safety—and silence. It is doubtful how the train of events inaugurated by such a possible act of violence would have terminated; I cannot say whether it would have been as apparently necessary to silence Mrs. Pillah as to slay Prince Prettyman; I do not know whether Dr. Pillah would have found it wiser to face astonished and alarmed justice with some mad lie regarding the relations of the visitor and the visited; I am not certain that the doctor could not have convinced a hysterical woman that Prettyman's death was a long step in the straightest path between them and the ownership of Dayber's Echo. Dr. Peter Pillah, when he came to think over the matter carefully, was in doubt himself; and he had all a doubter's thankfulness that he had not been compelled to put it to the test; shutting his teeth sharply together, and swearing fiercely as to what should be—and what not be—next time, he was nevertheless glad that for the present Prettyman was alive in the street, instead of dead in the house.

The man out of the way, it is not very strange that a sudden vindictiveness towards the woman sprang up in his heart. Mrs. Pillah, always a quiet home body, holding herself aloof from the vulgar struggle and the heartless crimes by means of which it had been sought to gain possession of the great Dayber estate for her, was in as much danger for a few minutes after her morning visitor had left her as she had ever been in all her life. She was in danger of learning some of the unpleasant truths of which Prince Prettyman had spoken, or at which he had hinted, and of learning them more suddenly than she had ever dreamed could be true of the mysteries of the border-land between the world of the living and that of the dead. She had listened, with a sort of horrified incredulity, to the stories her caller had known how to tell so well, and now she was in danger of seeing the rude methods of the mountaineers put in use upon her own threshold—and she herself a most decidedly central figure. It would interest many quiet and complacent individuals, I doubt not, to know how many times, and under what circumstances, violence has debated the question of their futures.

It might have worried Mrs. Pillah, thinking of the oath she had taken, if she could have known that one of the greatest reasons her husband had for remaining quiet, in the room across the hall, instead of coming in to see her, was that he had suddenly discovered that his efforts had developed a fierce desire in his own heart for the possession of Dayber's Echo—and that he remembered that, to win this wished-for prize, her continued existence was probably an essential necessity. The love he had for the woman, for her beauty of face and form, for her intellectual power and her charms of manner, was as strong and deep and overwhelming as ever; but, for a few dangerous minutes, he had forgotten that.

Succeeding his devilish desire to injure the woman who called him husband, came a time of silent but overpowering merriment. He laughed—voicelessly, so quietly, that one listening outside the door would have heard nothing—but with great paroxysms of mirth which shook his sides, convulsed his face, and sent the tears running down his cheeks. He laughed because of the advantage he had over the man who had served him—only to be betrayed, he laughed at the woman—against whom, as well as for whom, he must now labor and scheme and plot and plan; he laughed to think that he was forewarned—with

all which that implies; he laughed at the thought that it would be safe, now, for a time, for him to return to Dayber's Lane—to do the drudgery by which he earned the money he lavished upon his wife and doled out to himself—and to watch his interests at Dayber's Echo with every advantage on his side; he laughed at what he had heard, and—

What is that? You wish to know how much he had heard? You are curious to learn just when he came in and knelt down to listen at the door behind which Prince Prettyman was putting his wife to the torture? My dear reader, I would tell you if I could. But even the powers of the historian are limited. To stand, silent and unseen, at the very portals of the inner souls of the characters that we portray, and to catch their secret thoughts for your instruction and amusement, is often our usual and easy task. But, sometimes, the stubborn will-power of some man or woman will baffle us. It is so now. He laughs as he says that no one shall know how much he has heard—not until he meets Prince Prettyman again, at which time he promises himself the pleasure of telling him all. We will be there to see and listen, if he keeps to his intentions.

He laughs as he thinks how he will deceive his wife, when he goes in to say "farewell" to her, ere he returns to his home. He laughs—laughs—laughs—only God knows all he laughs at. And he crosses the hall, silently enters the room where his wife is sitting, noiselessly moves across the floor until his clothes brush against the silken gown she wears, and suddenly stoops and kisses her.

The longest vigil will have an end. Mrs. Nathan Dayber's was not a very long one. The time of her husband's return from New York was such that she felt almost certain he had made the trip in the shortest possible time. I suppose he had. She never asked him. He gave a connected account of what he had done, and where he had been. She made no attempt to go over the ground after him, or to have any one do it for her, in order to confirm his story. The presentation of a letter of introduction to her, by a person insisting upon employment from her, soon after his return, was a partial verification of what he had said.

He told his story in a simple, honest, straightforward manner. There was nothing in it to indicate insanity, unless it was that the very perfection and finish of the story was more than one could expect from a well-balanced mind. He settled down to the quiet enjoyment of home and its pleasures, apparently giving little attention to the thoughts and surmises and fears which had done so terrible a thing for him in the past. He took the telegram which had been received from Smart & Swift, and answered it by means of a letter; Mrs. Dayber did not know whether he answered affirmatively or negatively; whatever the answer had been, he seemed to have quite dismissed the matter from his mind when the latter had once been posted. He had an occasional letter from Smart & Swift; he did not offer to show them to her, and she did not ask to see them; she noticed, however, and the fact gave her pleasure, that he was always unusually cheerful after getting one from them. Nathan ceased to walk nights; he discontinued his visits to the family graveyard; there was little or nothing, now, to indicate any mental difficulty in his case, save sometimes a vacant stare when some one spoke suddenly, or a furtive look when he fancied no one was looking. He did not appear, so far as ordinary observation went, in his actions, in his words, in his likes or his dislikes, to be madder than the sane and unsuspected members of the human family will average. But his wife worried constantly, growing paler and thinner, day by day; she watched—as often and as long as her health and strength made it possible; she felt that a part, at least, of the good behavior of the man she loved was due to the secret watch by the employe of Smart & Swift which he knew was kept upon him; she remembered the evening of horror and the night of agony which had seemed to add years to her age, and she dreaded the coming of another such a time into her future; she feared lest he might have some marvelous story to tell her in private, some night, and forget that the easiest way to rid himself of the presence of both Maude and Lionel would be to send them away!

Had Mrs. Nathan Dayber been a philosopher, or a medical expert, instead of a simple-hearted, loving and long-suffering woman, she might have found comfort in some such course of reasoning as this: Nathan had desired information regarding the reasons Lionel had had for making the will he did, and the probable results which would grow out of it; this was natural—and sane. He had deluded himself into the hope that the knowledge was not beyond him; this was dangerous, at least. He had appointed a place for receiving the information he desired, and had no doubt he got it; this was the wildest of madness. But he had acted upon this fictitious information just as he should have acted upon it if it had been genuine; this was as natural and sane a thing to do as though the information itself had been a fact. And, in conclusion, he would undoubtedly be safe and sane until some new danger menaced—or seemed to his mind to menace—him.

It would have been a pretty piece of reasoning, and quite reassuring. Such is the nature of morbid mind, however, that I am not sure it would have been correct in this case.

Dr. Pillah had spent the most of the time since the burial of Lionel Dayber, and the consequent coming of Nathan to Dayber's Echo, at his home in Dayber's Lane. He had been absent several times, to be sure, and sometimes for many days at a time. But the residents of Dayber's Lane and vicinity were usually so healthy that they suffered little because of his absence.

He had made several calls at Dayber's Echo,

though none of a professional character. The Daybers' needs had not included the necessity for medical advice, unless we include Nathan's peculiar and secret malady in the imperative needs they had, and Mrs. Dayber had resolved to call for no help for that—unless actually compelled to do so.

Dr. Pillah had been at home on the evening of the insane outbreak on Nathan's part, which you will remember occurred many weeks later than some events which we have been compelled to record since writing of that. Mrs. Dayber knew he was at home, for she had seen him on the road not far from Dayber's Echo just before night-fall. But nothing could have induced Mrs. Dayber to have called him in to attend to her ailing husband, even if the extremity had seemed so great that she had determined upon having the aid and advice of some physician. Of course she had not the slightest suspicion of the fact that Peter Pillah had any designs upon the ownership of Dayber's Echo. At this time—the time of Nathan's first actual giving way to the strain upon his mental organism—there were very few persons in all the world who had. If the circle, which had widened for the admission of Prince Prettyman to the knowledge of the full intent and purpose of Peter and his lovely wife, had widened again—once or twice—it was still a very narrow one, and the persons who had places in it still made a very select party. Prince, Peter, Della—and—Wait a little!

Dr. Pillah had called at Dayber's Echo once or twice during the absence of Nathan upon his errand to the office of Smart & Swift. Whatever his keen eyes might have seen, he had said nothing to worry Mrs. Dayber more than her husband's absence was already doing; and as for questions—he had asked none at all.

He had called again, soon after Nathan's return, but there had been nothing in his looks, his manner, his actions or his words to excite the suspicions of that very anxious, suspicious woman—Mrs. Nathan Dayber. Her dread of him, of course, was scarcely more than a mere professional one; she dreaded what his doctor's eyes might see or ears hear; she did not know, or knowing, did not remember, that physicians have been letting insane men go—and shutting sane ones up—almost ever since the progress of civilization has given to a waiting world—physicians and insanity.

Mrs. Dayber's family—I say this advisedly, at this time—was divided in opinion regarding Dr. Pillah. Young Lionel was neutral, although on some questions he had very decided opinions, and very decided likes and dislikes, too—for a mere boy.

Maude admired and liked the doctor as much as her mother distrusted and disliked him. Curiously enough, their respective likes and dislikes came from the same source. Just what a physician, scrupulous or otherwise, has done for a man who has died while under his treatment, is a difficult thing to determine. Just how much self-sacrificing care and unremitting attention there may have been on the one hand, or how much carelessness and neglect and poor judgment—to mention no more unpleasant possibilities—on the other, is usually one of those questions which must ever remain unanswerable. But Maude liked Dr. Pillah because of what she thought he had done for the two Daybers whose last physician he had been. And Maude's mother disliked him for the same reason!

It was late in August now, so rapidly had time gone. Gerald Graeme had been reading Peter Pillah's books, had been listening to Peter Pillah's words of wisdom, four evenings out of every week, for some weeks. It is true that he had had to read alone for several evenings at a time, on several occasions, the doctor having been absent on business. But, on the whole, he had done very well, very well indeed. He had formed the habit of carefully noting any difficulties with which he might meet, and of asking the doctor to assist him at the earliest opportunity. Doing this, he had done almost as well as would have been possible if the doctor had been constantly with him during his hours of work at the profession he had chosen.

Two evenings in every week Gerald had been the guest of Maude Dayber; and on Sunday evenings he had usually had the pleasure of riding with her to the church at Dayber's Lane, and the greater enjoyment of riding slowly home with her, by roads neither the most direct nor generally traveled, when services were over.

Gerald had needed the influence of neither Mr. Dayber nor Mr. Bond to assist him in securing the aid of Dr. Pillah's library and experience. His own request, modestly made, had been cordially granted within a half-hour from the time that the doctor had given his first brusque and unkindly reception to the young man's question. Possibly this spoke highly in favor of the young man's power of persuasion, and indicated that he might have made a better lawyer than doctor; perhaps, however, the fact that he stipulated for only four evenings a week, and casually mentioned that he expected to spend the other two week-day evenings at Dayber's Echo, had something to do with it.

Thus far Gerald Graeme was uncertain whether he liked Peter Pillah or not. He was compelled to admit that the doctor was always more than ready to accommodate him in every way. He could not have named a way in which he would have wished his treatment of himself to have been changed. But Gerald was a sensitive man, feeling his surroundings rather than merely knowing them, and inclined to value a man at what he was, rather than by the standard of what he did. He had, too, though he had no reason for it, and was ashamed to feel that it was true, a haunting doubt as to whether Peter Pillah was in the habit of treating other men as well as he treated him.

Gerald Graeme had not associated thus closely

with Dr. Peter Pillah without learning a great deal about the man. A man's life is a volume; his everyday and trivial actions are the index to it. A man's character is made of those states of mind which determine what he will do in great crises—crises of danger—crises of temptation—crises when temptation and greed stand appealingly in his path; but every man carries his character into his study or office with him, and never sits down to eat without it. So Gerald Graeme had studied Peter Pillah, and had learned, without reason so far as he could say, to pity him.

Dr. Pillah had been absent during the early and middle parts of this month of August, this month now rapidly drawing to a close. On his return, Gerald had found it in his heart to feel sorrier for him than ever. There are some kinds of joy, even, which makes the onlooker pity the one who manifests that emotion. This is especially true of the joy which sometimes forgets its smiles, which starts and turns pale at a sudden noise, and which shrinks from dark corners—or from being alone!

August, late August. Mrs. Dayber is almost happy again. She has learned to smile—once more. She is full of hope that the curse of the race into which she has married has laid the dread shadow of mental eclipse across her husband's life for but a little time, and that the danger will never return to harass them again. She is almost ready to think that she may have been mistaken in that evening of terror which now seems so long ago.

This evening she has gone to Dayber's Lane. It is not usual that she leaves home. It is months since she has been away in the evening. Some one of her friends is having a tea party, and has urged her to come, promising that she shall be allowed to return home early. She thinks there is no danger. So she has gone.

Maude is sitting in the parlor, waiting for Gerald Graeme. She is very happy to-night, and is singing some sweet little song—but almost under her breath. Strangely enough, or so such things must seem until some wiser generation than ours rewrites the science of Psychology, she is thinking of how her love and Gerald's is an oasis in the desert. Poor child! She little guesses how the hot desolation of the desert is creeping nearer and nearer to the green spot of living love which now blesses two lives; she sings on in ignorance of the disaster which is impending.

Nathan Dayber is sitting in his library, rereading a letter which he has already read a score of times. It is an unpleasant letter, and his worry and wrath are growing with every reading. If Mrs. Dayber could have had a glimpse of that letter, when it first arrived, a couple of hours ago, I think she would have remained at home to-night.

Nathan Dayber has pushed aside a pleasant letter, which he has read but once. It tells him that Lionel's watcher reports everything all right. He has received the same sort of reports from there again and again and again. He has grown used to them. Week after week he has rejoiced in them. It would be a shock to receive anything different—anything which hinted of doubt or danger. But he always says to himself that it is only postponing the evil day; he knows that Lionel Dayber will go insane; for did not the dead Lionel tell him so, with his own dead lips? And he feels full faith that he himself will escape.

He has pushed the pleasant letter aside; he is reading the unpleasant one for still another time. It is sad—yes, very sad. And yet, can we wonder? Can we blame him? Has not humanity—the sanest of them—been pushing the good of this life aside, and meeting evil more than half way, during all the tear-stained years of our world's history?

Smart & Swift have had a man on Prince Prettyman's trail for many weeks. It is doubtful if Prince has suspected it. It is questionable if he would have cared if he had. It is almost certain that the long search and the uncertain following have been due solely to his nomadic habits and his restless nature. Once or twice the seeker for an interview has missed him by an hour; once he had turned a certain corner, in a certain street, in a certain city, only five minutes in advance of the patient man who has been following him. Apart from the great importance of finding the purchaser of Valley Park Academy, in order to learn how much he will sell his indirect claim upon Dayber's Echo for, Nathan has enjoyed the spirited pursuit. He has been exhilarated by it, almost as much as though he had been personally engaged in it. It is hard, and hardly less so because of the sudden cessation of the pleasurable excitement than from the danger of losing a most important link in the uncertain title to Dayber's Echo, to read that the clew has disappeared, that the trail is broken, that the purchaser of the Valley Park Academy has been traced to a certain point upon the eastern shore of the Mississippi River, just across from his indirectly so-valuable property, and in full sight of it, and that no road over which he has moved since can be found. Hard? It is maddening. It is maddening to read that days of costly search have developed nothing, and that Smart & Swift are ready to give it up.

Nathan rises, and touches a bell. A servant appears almost instantly.

"Is Lionel in the parlor?" he asks.

The servant will ascertain. He does so. He returns with the information that Lionel has the severest of headaches, and has retired.

"Ah? Then Maude will do as well. Tell Maude I wish to see her in the library, and at once. And see here—when that fellow Graeme comes, tell him that Maude isn't at home to-night, and that he needn't come again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you'll do what I say?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, sir."

Maude went up to the library, still singing the sweet song that was the echo of the happiness in her heart.

But her song died at the door, frozen upon her



lips by the manner of the man who motioned her to a chair.

"I'm a person of a few words, Maude," he said, sternly, "but you are old enough to have learned that I mean what I say. Is not that true?"

"Yes, papa."

"And you know I always expect prompt and unquestioning obedience?"

"Yes, papa."

"Very well, then: I command you never to see Gerald Graeme again!"

"But, father, I have promised to be his wife!"

"Has that scoundrel dared go as far as that? The mean, contemptible, low-lived spy—"

"A spy, papa? What can you possibly mean? He is one of the most noble and honest and—"

"He's a good actor, I don't doubt," sneered Nathan, "but I shall not let that count in his favor. There's a plot to get Dayber's Echo away from me, and that fellow has been paid to watch me, and to furnish information to my worst enemies. Don't stare at me in that incredulous way, girl; do you suppose I'd say a thing like this if I wasn't certain of it? If he's asked you to marry him, he's only fallen to a lower level than he was on before; he has only shrewdly determined to extort a greater price from his employers than they hired him for."

"But what information could be furnished? What could a spy find to tell of you, papa? What have you ever done—?"

The man hesitated, and smiled foolishly.

"What have I done?" he said, slowly and uncertainly. "Why, nothing, of course. It's a plot, and—"

"But, father, Dayber's Echo is either yours—or it is not. You wouldn't keep what belonged to another, would you?"

"Maude, I am in no humor to discuss this thing further. Dayber's Echo is mine. And mine it shall be. And as for Gerald Graeme," he shouted, springing to his feet and striking his clenched fist upon the table, while his face grew livid and hideous, "if I ever see him in your presence again, I will stretch him dead at your feet. You may count yourself lucky, traitress, if I do not kill you too!"

Slowly Maude stumbled and tottered from the room. Slowly she crept up to her own room, to undress in the welcome darkness, to fall upon her bed, and to weep away the long dark night in a vain endeavor to understand the blow which had fallen upon her. Of one thing she was sure: Her father had meant exactly what he had said. Consequently, she must keep her lover away; she must never see him again. Not because she believed him the treacherous villain her father had pictured him, though she had never questioned a statement or an opinion of her father's in all her life; not because she was inclined to be weakly and blindly obedient, though she had never done otherwise than as he had said since the earliest years of which her memory had aught to tell her: but to save Gerald's life, because she loved him—she loved him—she loved him!

And she must not tell her mother. She must bear her burden alone. She was sure that was the best and wisest way.

As for Nathan, he sat down in his chair, quiet and motionless with the reaction which follows fierce excitement, to study the whole night long over two questions:

Would they ever find Prince Prettyman?

If not, why not?

Good reader, let us go and see!

To be continued.)

#### TRAPPING A BEAR.

THERE are to-day few sections of the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, where bears may be said to be common. One of these sections, however, is Northern and Western Maine, where the almost impenetrable forests still abound in bear, in deer, and other species of big game. Where the woods closely adjoin the farms of the "high-water mark" of settlement, the occasional raids of Bruin upon the sheepfold are disasters much to be dreaded. Where he is persistently obstreperous, defenses are put out, in the form of heavy steel-traps, with chain and "toggle," the latter being a heavy log of beechwood weighing twenty or thirty pounds. When the bear—or perhaps a panther—gets a paw fast in the cruel jaws of the trap, he usually makes a desperate effort to get away, dragging the whole apparatus with him. The toggle serves as an anchor, and soon catches in the bushes or rocks—or, as in the case illustrated by our picture, between two trees. Unless the poor creature leaves a foot in the trap, and makes off crippled and bleeding, the hunter soon overtakes it in the morning, and finishes it with his gun. It seems a heartless thing to do; but the farmer, being an uncompromising protectionist as regards his wool and mutton, can hardly be expected to catch his bear, and then forbear.

#### VICTIMS OF THE "SWEATERS."

THE "sweaters" are those rascals of humanity who, engaging in some branch of business carried on by the employment of cheap and usually unskilled labor, take advantage of the large numbers of needy girls and women in a great city like New York, and fill their shops with poor, struggling creatures on terms amounting to absolute slavery, rolling up large profits for themselves in proportion as their helpless victims are ground down to starvation, insanity or lingering disease. The New York Herald has been engaged for some time past in the humane work of exposing the actual condition of these unhappy thousands—a condition resulting from over-immigration and overcrowding in the slums of great cities. The Herald points to the fact that last year there were more than seven thousand insane persons of both sexes treated in the institutions on Blackwell's Island. Of these, more than half—indeed, nearly two-thirds—were females of the classes and avocations above referred to; in other words, the victims, directly or indirectly, of the "sweaters." The special report for last year shows that 47,401 paupers applied for and received aid from the Board of Charities and Correction. There were 14,598 natives of the United States among the sufferers; 27,631 were foreigners; 3,753 died; and among the whole were

5,156 indigent and destitute females and 4,000 equally poor men.

The continuous arrival from abroad of persons who, if not actually paupers when they land at Castle Garden, have so little money that they must obtain work at anybody's expense, crowds our people—that is, those who are already here and who have been here for years—out of their workshops and drives them into the "sweater's" net, the charity hospitals, and the lunatic asylums. There were nearly three hundred working-girls in the Charity Hospital before July. They were cigarette-makers, seamstresses, book-folders, carpet-sewers, mattress and paper-collar makers, tailoresses and workers generally on the sewing-machine.

These girls, for the most part, had broken down because they had never got enough of nutritious food to eat, and were driven wild by the actual competition for bread. Is it any wonder, inquires the writer who has investigated this misery, that they go mad when they have to provide food and shelter and raiment for two or three others besides themselves, and have only \$4.50 a week for forty weeks in the year, at the outside, with which to do it all?

The problem is a hard one, and the Commissioners of Charities and Correction cannot solve it, while the already crowded ranks of the indigent are daily swelled by European importation.

#### COWBOYS IN WYOMING.

SOME glimpses of cowboy life in Wyoming Territory, where the cattle-raising industry has made such flourishing progress during the past few years, are given on page 192. The pictures are from drawings by a Wyoming artist, and the cheery camp-scene shall be sketched in a few graphic words by one who knows it well: "The heavy wagon stands two or three rods from the stream, and between it and the bank are scattered the sleeping men, each bed wrapped in a white tarpaulin. Saddled horses are picketed near the wagon, and when they hear the bell-horse move with the grazing *remuda* they straighten out the long ropes that lie snakelike among the buffalo-grass, and neigh to their partners in the distant cavy, for almost every horse has a partner, usually in the same string he works in. At twelve o'clock a rider comes into camp on a keen run, rolls stiffly from his horse, pulls the tarpaulins from over two of the sleeping men, and arouses them with the words: 'Third relief.' Each man as he is called springs from his bed as if he had been wide awake, pulls on his boots and coat, buckles on his spurs, takes his bridle out of his bed—for a cowboy's bed is his harness-room and portmanteau—catches up his hat, flips his tarpaulin back over his bed, and stumbles off over the rough prairie to where his night horse is staked.

"The long, still night wears away, and before the first glimmer of dawn—about three o'clock—the last relief rides in to wake the cook. The night guard starts his cavy for camp when he sees the fire blaze up for breakfast, and when he is nearly there he leaves the ponies and dashes into the camp with a shout: 'Horses! Horses!' Every man is out of his bed in a moment, squeezing his tired feet into his stiff boots, washing his eyes open at the creek, rolling up his bed and putting on his bed-straps, and by half-past three o'clock the cook calls out, 'Grub pile!' or 'Chuck!' By the fire stands one bake-oven full of spluttering bacon, another of potatoes 'ried in lard, and great tin kettles of coffee and t.a. From a box by the wagon each man takes a tin plate and cup, knife, fork and spoon, walks to the fire, and before any man but a cowboy could have filled his plate the breakfast is over. Then there is a swinging of ropes in the dusk, a crowding and pushing among the horses, every one of them sure that he is going to be worked that morning. Before daylight the riders are mounted, and by sunrise the wagon is off, with four stout mules rattling it over the prairie."

#### REGISTRATION IN THE SLUMS OF NEW YORK.

A REGISTRATION scene in Baxter Street, which is a sort of borderland of the slums and the foreign colonies of the down-town East Side of New York city, is given on page 193. There is a great outpouring of the "intelligent foreign element" in this part of the city, especially in a Presidential election year, and it does not compare unfavorably with the "brownstone districts" in the proportionate number of arrests made for illegal registration. In 1880 there were in New York 478,670 persons of foreign birth, to 727,629 natives. Although it was estimated not long since that there were over 40,000 foreigners in New York city who were entitled to naturalization, but who had never taken out their naturalization papers, it is still a fact that the naturalized voters here largely outnumber those of American birth.

For a study in physiognomy, it is worth while to watch the countenance of an intelligent but unfranchised Chinaman as he sees his Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Italian, German and Irish neighbors crowd up to the polls in one of these down-town districts.

#### LORD SACKVILLE.

LORD SACKVILLE, present British Minister at Washington, was born in 1827, and has been engaged in diplomatic service in various capitals of the Old and the New World during more than forty years past. He was appointed, in 1881, to succeed Sir Edward Thornton as Her Majesty's Minister to the Government of the United States, and has since that time occupied the position with dignity, capability and tact. The recent publication, however, of his now famous political letter to an inquiring British-American correspondent on the Pacific Coast, has caused a profound sensation of surprise in all quarters, and placed the British Minister in a peculiarly anomalous position. The man of Pomona wrote asking advice as to how a "true Englishman" having the right to vote in the United States ought to cast his vote in view of President Cleveland's Canadian policy, past and prospective. Lord Sackville replied with an extraordinary utterance of opinion on American politics, of which the following is the most significant passage: "You are probably aware that any political party which openly favored the mother country at the present moment would lose popularity, and that the party in power is fully aware of this fact. The party, however, is, I believe, still desirous of maintaining friendly relations with Great Britain, and is still as desirous of settling all questions with Canada which have been unfortunately reopened since the retraction of the treaty by the Republican majority in the Senate and by the President's Message, to which you allude. All allowances must, therefore, be made

for the political situation as regards the Presidential election thus created."

In subsequent interviews, Lord Sackville has given us to understand that, while the letter in question was meant to be "private," he doesn't mind the world's knowing the unflattering opinion of our Government which he has set forth in advising the British-American how to vote. "Of course," he is reported as saying to the New York Tribune's correspondent, "I understand that both the action of the Senate and the President's letter of retaliation were for political effect. In a general election it is but natural that every point should be seized upon by both parties which would have an effect upon the voters."

It is certain that the British Minister's remarkable letter has been "seized upon" with a great deal of vigor, and that it will go much further than his author ever intended, or than other interested parties could wish. It is already said that his recall is not improbable.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE absolute mean deviation of the new magazine rifle for the army is only a trifle over a foot at 1,000 yards. Using a fixed sight, a man can be struck up to 470 yards, as the trajectory is remarkably flat. The authorities do not at present propose to make use of a smokeless powder, as the keeping properties of these compounds in warm and damp climates have not as yet been tested. Lebel rifles are being manufactured for the French army at the rate of 1,600 a day.

THE Manufacturing Jeweler says ivory ornaments are quickly cleaned by brushing them with a new, not very sharp, toothbrush, to which little soap is given; then rinse the ornament in lukewarm water. Next dry the trinket and brush a little, and continue brushing until the lustre reappears, which can be increased by pouring some alcohol upon the brush and applying it to the trinket. Should this have become yellow, dry it in a gentle heat and it will appear as if new.

THE Buenos Ayres Herald claims to have examined the fibre made from the reeds and rushes of the lowlands of the Parana, and that the textiles manufactured therefrom cannot be distinguished from those made from wool and silk. Blankets, heavy goods for men's wear, feltings and "black silk" dress goods are all manufactured from this fabric, and are said to be unrivaled for texture, finish, color and durability. Paper-pulp is also made from these reeds and rushes, the manner of utilizing them being the invention of Mr. Newman.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *Nouveaux Remèdes* cites a statement by a Brazilian physician to the effect that in hot countries flies are the most active agents in the propagation of yellow fever, and adds that M. Spilmann and M. Hanstoutter attribute the same rôle to those insects in spreading pulmonary consumption. When a fly has lingered on the tuberculous sputa, it is said, its intestine and excreta contain the bacillus of tuberculosis, which it may deposit on the various articles in an apartment. Flies are credited also with being the chief instrument in the dissemination of Egyptian ophthalmia, and Koch is cited as of the opinion that they may play the same part in spreading cholera.

A NUMBER of cases are now on record of effects produced by the electric light identical with those resulting from prolonged exposure to strong sunlight. At the Creusot Iron Works the skin of the workmen becomes reddened and tender, and this is followed by desquamation. The eyes become painful and suffused, and the retina, notwithstanding the use of very dark glasses, loses its sensitiveness, and the visual images appear for some time after to be tinged saffron-yellow. As a result of a few inquiries it appeared that a current-intensity exceeding 200 amperes is liable to give rise to the preceding symptoms. The ocular symptoms are occasionally somewhat alarming, but they are fortunately characterized by a tendency to prompt amelioration.

WITHIN a radius of sixty miles of Nashville, Tenn., there is to be found a tree that is said to be the shittim-wood of ark fame. Celebrated botanists from all over the country have examined the trees, and agree that they grow nowhere else on the globe. They have decided that it is the shittim-wood of which Noah's ark was constructed, mention of which is made several times in the Bible. The tree is medium-sized, with very dark, smooth bark, and the wood is of a bright-gold color. In early Spring the trees are laden with long, white blossoms, which closely resemble great ostrich-plumes. There seems to be no doubt about the identity of the trees, and it is remarkable that they are found only in this small area, and so few at that.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 20th.—In Dedham, Mass., Joseph F. Ainsworth, the well-known publishers of school-books, aged 64 years; in Long Island City, Justice Michael J. Delchauty, aged 55 years; in Bridgeport, N. J., Hon. Charles E. Elmer, aged 69 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Peter J. O'Donohue, President of the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, aged 53 years; in Sewanee, Tenn., Dr. J. W. Schmidt Arnold, formerly of New York. OCTOBER 21st.—In St. Joseph, Mo., General James Craig, aged 74 years; in San Mateo, Cal., W. H. Lawrence, Superintendent of the Spring Valley Water Works; in Atchison, Kan., Rev. Pardee Butler. OCTOBER 22d.—In Cleveland, O., Edward Gallup, Assistant General Manager of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, aged 46 years; in Central Valley, N. Y., John W. Simmons, Past Grand Master of the Masons of New York. OCTOBER 23d.—In Boston, Mass., Hon. Timothy Davis, of Gloucester, aged 67 years; in Ohio, Professor Eli T. Tappen, State Commissioner of Schools; in Sandusky, O., Willis J. Cook, the noted telegraph operator, aged 37 years. OCTOBER 25th.—In Glen Onoko, Pa., Dr. Robert Leonard, Associate-Judge of Carbon County, aged 65 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., John Englis, the well-known shipbuilder, aged 80 years; in Pittsburgh, Pa., Henry W. Oliver, Sr., the iron and steel manufacturer, aged 81 years; in Troy, N. Y., Rev. Dr. C. P. Sheldon, aged 75 years; in New York, Colonel G. Lathrop McKenzie, aged 50 years. OCTOBER 26th.—In Hagerstown, Md., ex-Governor and ex-United States Senator William T. Hamilton, aged 58 years; in Susquehanna, Pa., Hon. Monroe J. Larrabee; in Cohoes, N. Y., John A. Nuttall, proprietor of the Empire Knitting Mills; in Milwaukee, Wis., W. W. Coleman, proprietor of the German Herald of that city; in East Orange, N. J., Staats S. Morris, the well-known lawyer, aged 79 years; in Washington, D. C., Thomas J. Fisher, the well-known real-estate man, aged 66 years; in Boston, Mass., ex-Alderman Jarvis D. Braham, President of the Boston Water Power Company.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Spanish Cabinet proposes to submit to the Cortes the question of reforms in the army.

A GREEK church is to be established in Chicago, where there are several hundred Greek Christians.

THOMAS AXWORTHY, the Treasurer of Cleveland, C., has disappeared with \$430,000 of the city funds.

THE New York apple crop is so large that farmers find it no object to market the fruit at prevailing rates.

A MOVEMENT has been started by Southern railroads to build up an emigrant business by way of New Orleans.

THE last census of India indicates a population of 268,982,000. There are 6,000,000 more males than females.

THE captain of a vessel recently arrived from Para, South America, died of yellow fever in Brooklyn one day last week.

IN a recent address to a body of Neapolitan pilgrims, the Pope said that the hatred of all foes of the Papal See was concentrated in Rome.

THE New York Baseball Club has won the championship of the world in the series of games recently played with the St. Louis Browns.

THE railway and steamship system of the Central Railroad and Boating Company of Georgia has been purchased by the Richmond and West Point Terminal Company.

A NEW parlor-car company, a consolidation of the Mann Boudoir and the Woodruff Parlor Car Companies, has been formed, with a capital of \$3,000,000, as a rival of the Pullman Company.

A VERDICT of gross negligence has been rendered by the coroner's jury which investigated the recent accident on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Mud Run, by which so many lives were lost.

THE United States Supreme Court has sustained the constitutionality of the prohibitory liquor law in Iowa; also the constitutionality of a law in Alabama imposing a test for color-blindness on employees of railroads.

SURGEON-GENERAL MOORE, in his annual report, says that the mean strength of the army for the past year, including officers, was 23,841, of which 21,601 were white and 2,240 were colored. There were 214 deaths and 714 discharges for disability during the year.

THE Copyright Association of Canada proposes to urge the passage by the Dominion Parliament of a law refusing copyright in Canada to United States authors until such time as the United States Government enters into an international copyright treaty with Great Britain and Canada.

IN revising the French Constitution, General Boulanger desires the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies and the convocation of a constituent assembly, independent of the executive power and responsible to the country, in order to prevent abuses that might lead to a dictatorship.

A CONVENTION of the Union Labor and Non-partisan party of the Ninth Congressional District of Texas has passed resolutions denouncing Roger Q. Mills, the present Representative from that district, as the enemy of workingmen. They will support an Independent candidate.

THE Pope has sent \$60,000 to the African anti-slavery fund, accompanying his gift by a letter to Cardinal Lavigerie praising and encouraging the movement which he is now organizing. Cardinal Lavigerie is raising a volunteer corps which is to fight the slave-traders of the Dark Continent with their own weapons. Already many Belgians have joined his new army.

SEVERAL South Americans just now are in London pushing an imposing scheme for railway extension in Brazil. It is proposed to construct a line from Pernambuco across Brazil and the Paraguay and the Entre Rios region to the Argentine town of Santa Fé, there to connect with a trans-andine railway for Valparaiso. Three hundred and fifty million milreis are wanted for the job.

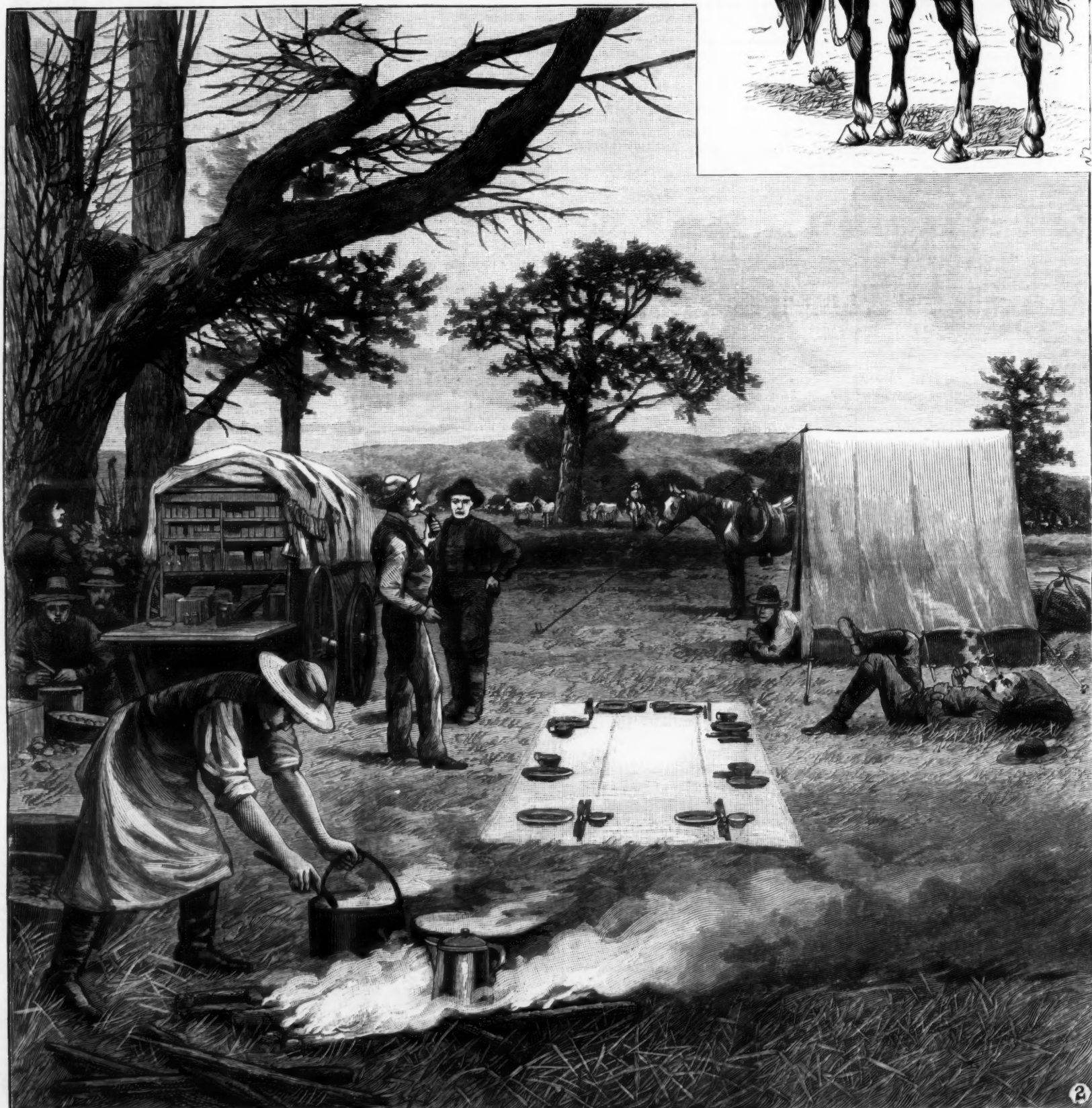
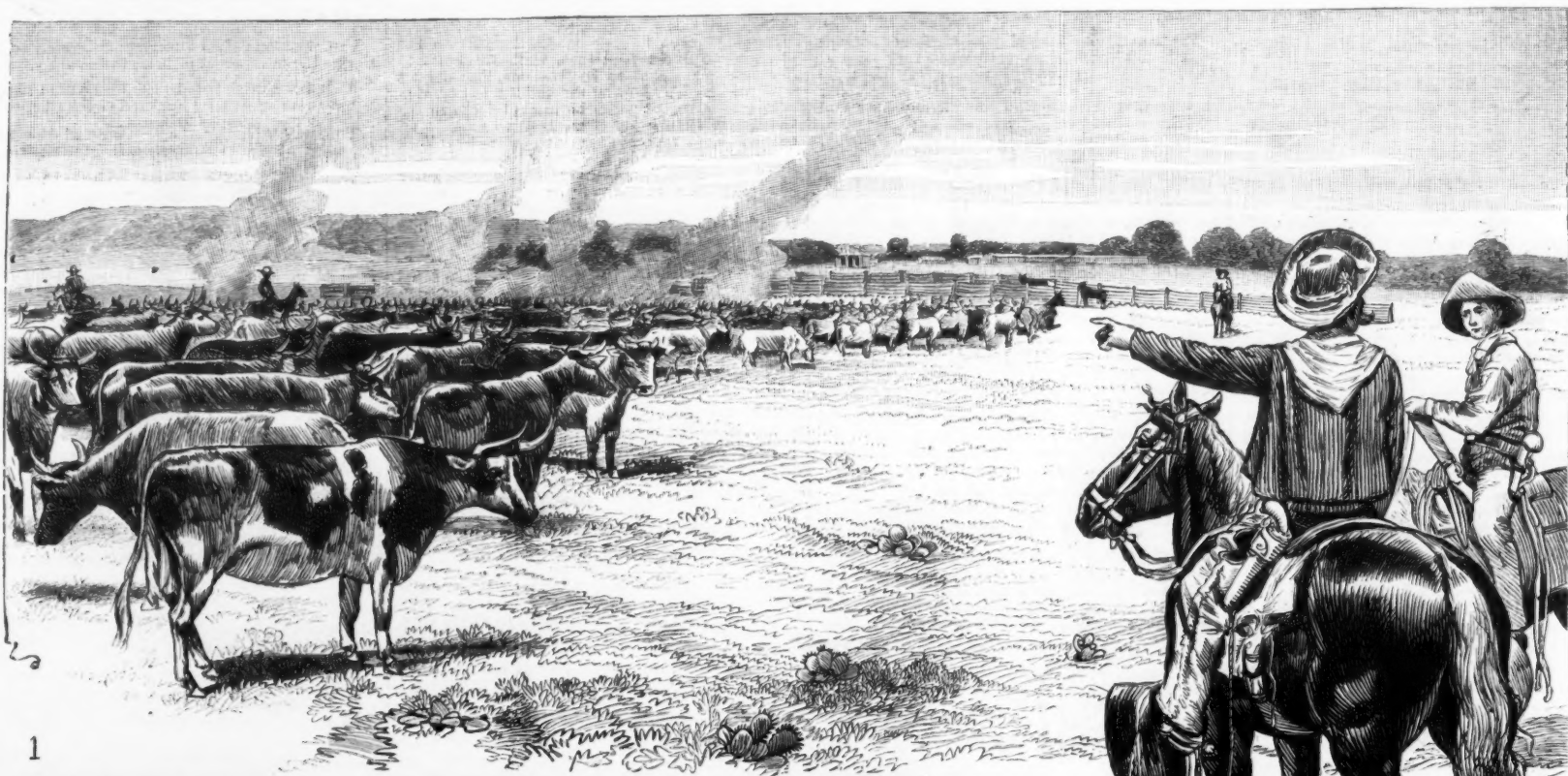
THE French Cabinet has approved a scheme to impose a tax of one per cent. upon incomes, and a tax of one-half of one per cent. on labor returns. Incomes of less than 2,000 francs are to be exempt from taxation, and incomes of from 2,000 to 3,000 francs are to be allowed a certain mitigation. Resident foreigners are to be liable for the whole of their incomes, and temporary residents for the portion spent or collected in France.

THE Sioux chiefs have rejected, by a large majority, the propositions made by the President, through Secretary Vilas. They submitted a counter proposition agreeing to accept \$1.25 per acre, the money to be paid at once. This proposition could not be entertained by the Government. This concludes all negotiations under the new law, which were opened by the appointment of the Sioux Commission, and the chiefs have returned to their reservations.

THE St. Louis statue to General Grant, the first in the United States, was unveiled, October 20th, before 10,000 people, the demonstration by the veterans being the marked feature of the ceremonies. The statue is a portrait figure of General Grant, representing him just after the war. He is dressed in fatigue uniform, the cape of his army overcoat being thrown carelessly back over his left shoulder. His rank is indicated by the usual bars and stars. The action is spirited and the suggestion is plain—Grant in war. The figure is 9½ feet high, and is of bronze. It is mounted on a polished granite pedestal of the same height, and is surrounded by circular granite coping. A bronze plate is set in the granite, with the words, "Ulysses S. Grant."

HAYTI has a new President, the National Assembly having elected General François Denys Legitime to that office. A portrait of M. Legitime was published in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for the week ending September 29th. Cape Hayti, Gonaives, and St. Marc, having revolted against the legitimate Government, have been closed to foreign commerce, and a naval force is before said ports to enforce the decree of the Government against all vessels endeavoring to evade the same. Late advices say that Port-au-Prince, the capital of Hayti, passed through a terrible experience on the night of September 28th. The night was dreadfully dark and revolution was abroad. The firing commenced at half-past seven o'clock, and the cannon and Gatling guns of the palace did dreadful execution, as did also the shots from the big guns of Fort Alexander. Three hundred persons were killed and over five hundred wounded, including many women and children.





1. CORRALING BEEF STEERS FOR MARKET. 2. IN CAMP WITH A "ROUND-UP": SUPPER-TIME.

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY IN THE FAR WEST.

FROM PHOTOS. BY KIRKLAND, CHEYENNE.—SEE PAGE 191.

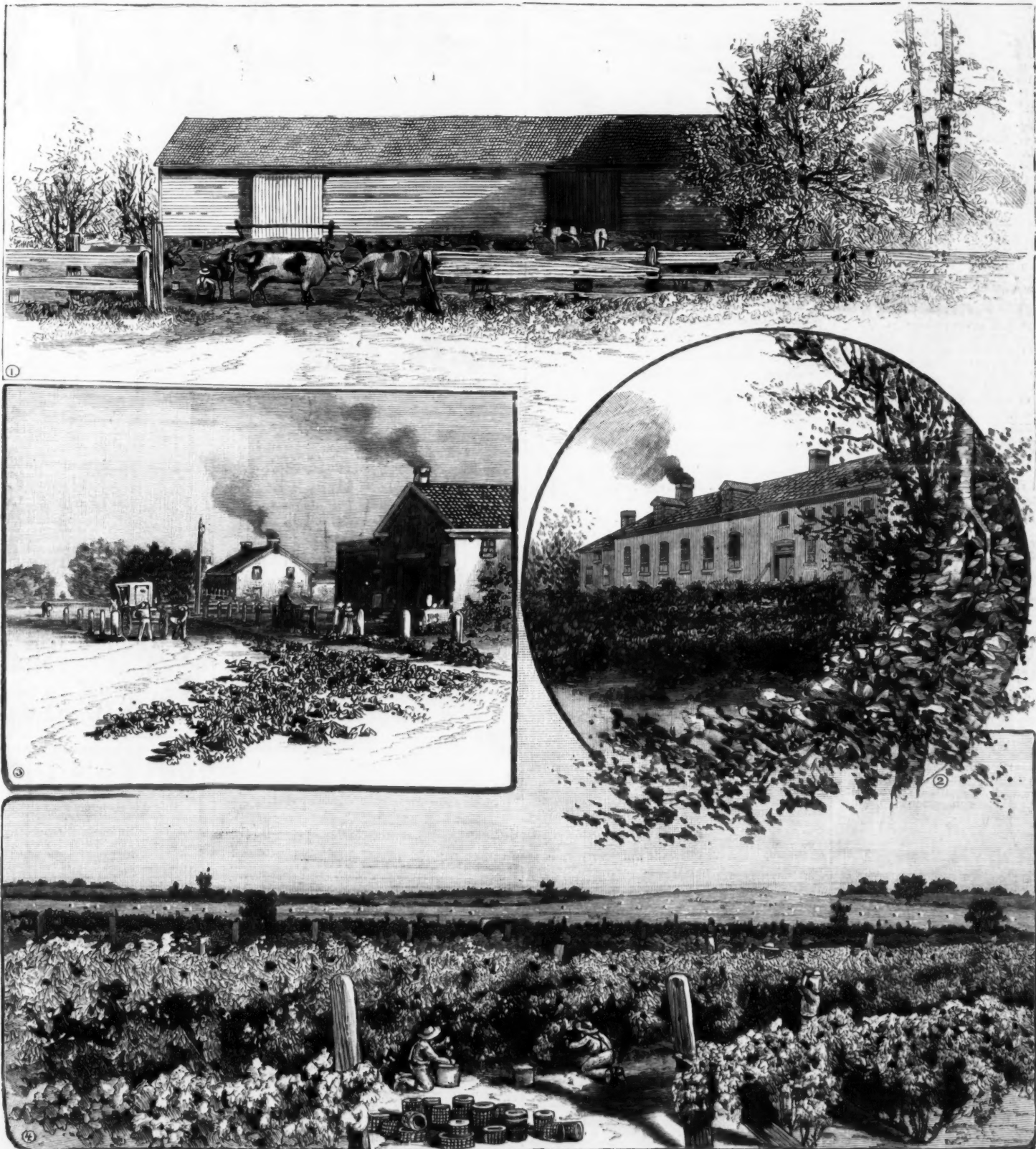




NEW YORK CITY.—REGISTERING VOTERS—A SCENE ON BAXTER STREET.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 191.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—SIR LIONEL SACKVILLE-WEST, BRITISH AMBASSADOR  
TO THE UNITED STATES.—SEE PAGE 191.



1. Milking-time. 2. The Church. 3. The Village Street. 4. The Society's Vineyard.

A CURIOUS IOWA COMMUNITY.—SKETCHES OF A COLONY OF THE AMANA SOCIETY AT HOMESTEAD.  
FROM PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 194.



## AN INTERESTING IOWA COMMUNITY.

WE give on page 193 several illustrations of a colony of the Amana Society, a curious and interesting community in Iowa. This society consists of seven colonies, namely: Homestead, East Amana, High Amana, South Amana, Amana, Middle Amana, and West Amana. The colonies removed to Iowa from Ebenezer, N. Y., in 1855, and now own about 30,000 acres of land extending along the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, a distance of about five miles, and to the north and south. The population is about 1,800. It is a community of Lutheran Germans engaged in farming and manufacturing, worked as a stock company in theory, but practically communistic. No property is owned in person, all members being allotted regular duties, and allowed a stipulated amount for each member of his or her family. The government of the society is invested in a Board of Trustees, elected by the members, such Board electing its President, Vice-president, Secretary, and other officers. In religion the people are independent, although favoring the Lutheran communion, using Lutheran text-books and services. They have large manufacturing factories at Amana, three miles from Homestead, and abundant water-power. They manufacture clothes, brooms, starch, yarn, knit-goods, etc. Corn, grain and stock are raised in abundance, and they have vegetable and flower gardens—the finest in the State. There are also extensive vineyards, and the wine manufactured is noted throughout the country for its quality and purity. All live in the simplest and most contented manner, and an air of homely, rugged richness pervades the community.

## "THE PRINTER GIRL" AND THE LESLIE CLUB.

FROM Topeka, the capital of Kansas, the "Sunflower State," comes the initial number of a new monthly magazine unique in character and aim, charming in itself, and interesting to the House of FRANK LESLIE in a special way, which, without affectation or diffidence, we will proceed to explain. The new periodical is called *The Printer Girl*. It is edited and published by an organization of the young women employed in the several printing-offices of Topeka; and in the name of this organization a high compliment is embodied, it having been christened the Leslie Club, in honor of Mrs. Frank Leslie. The character of the club, and of its aims as set forth in the attractive publication before us, is such as to enhance the compliment of the name. It is for the social and literary profit of its members, who have pledged themselves "to stand by each other, and to look after one another in health and in sickness, in good report or ill." The *Printer Girl* is to be the organ, not only of the Leslie Club, but of all women in the United States who are or have been compositors. It is, appropriately, a bright, womanly, helpful, and withal exceedingly pretty magazine; and we sincerely wish to see it bourgeon and expand, like the sunflower of its native State, in the light and warmth of success.

## A MAGNIFICENT GIFT.

DANIEL HAND, an aged and wealthy resident of Guilford, Conn., has given to the American Missionary Association of New York city the sum of \$1,000,000, to be held in trust by the Association, and the interest to be devoted to the education of colored people in the old slave States of the South. The Association is to have unrestricted charge of the expenditure of the interest, except that it must be devoted to the education of such colored people as are needy and indigent, and such as by their health, strength and vigor of body and mind give indications of efficiency and usefulness in after life.

## POLITICAL NOTES.

A VIGOROUS effort is making to defeat Congressman Mills in the Ninth Texas District.

MR. THURMAN last week visited Cincinnati and addressed a big Democratic meeting at the Exposition Buildings.

A CIRCULAR has been issued by 229 representative clergymen of New York, urging the election of Warner Miller as Governor.

MR. BLAINE returned to this city last week, and on the 25th addressed a general meeting of Irish-Americans at Madison Square Garden. Other speeches were made by Patrick Egan, Edward O'Meara Condon, and Gen. James R. O'Beirne.

In a recent address at Indianapolis, General Harrison referred to some of the slanders uttered against him during the campaign. After denying certain specific charges, he said: "I want to say again that those who pitch a campaign upon so low a level greatly underestimate the intelligence, the sense of decency and the love of fair play of the American people. I said to one of the first delegations that visited me that this was a contest of great principles—that it would be fought out upon the high plains of truth, and not in the swamps of slander and defamation. Those who will encamp their army in this swamp will abandon the victory to the army that is on the heights."

## AUTUMN SCENERY ON THE ERIE.

THE American landscape scenery is a source of wonder and admiration to travelers from all parts of the world, and the tourist who imagines that he sees it at its best when it is clothed in the verdant garb of Summer is a patron of a most unfortunate delusion. The idea that Nature excels in beauty in Summer is a popular one. The glory of the year, according to the poet and painter, comes with the soft and abundant leaves of June. James Russell Lowell, one of Nature's own poets, says that "in June, if ever, come perfect days." But the most perfect day in any June never set before the lover of Nature's beauties a feast such as the hazy, crisp October spreads. From the advent of October until the frosts of late November have accomplished the mission of death, the valley of the Neversink, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Chemung, and all the tributary vales and guardian hills, are literally aflame with Autumnal glory. The woods are dashed with crimson and purple, with mellow gold tints, and modest russet and brown, and with the most brilliant of scarlet hues. . . . Such a panorama as is spread the entire length of the Erie Railway during the Autumn season no tourist can afford to neglect the opportunity of seeing; and there are special points to the enjoyment of which the season gives an additional zest. Starucca, from whose sur-

roundings, glorified by October tints, Cropsey drew inspiration for his first painting, Watkins Glen, Portage Falls and Niagara are never so grandly set as when the early Autumn encircles them with its gorgeous frame, its halo and its haze. No country offers such fields for delightful Autumn travel as that traversed by the Erie.

THE management of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, recognizing the advantages of the country along the line of the Harlem Railroad for permanent as well as Summer residence, have during the past few years inaugurated a number of improvements, increasing the number of trains and quickening the time; and as another step in that direction, have recently placed an order for twenty new passenger-coaches to be used exclusively on trains run over the Harlem Division, the majority of them to be used in the suburban service.

These coaches will combine all modern improvements, and will seat sixty-eight passengers, are finished inside with mahogany, large plate-glass windows, toilet-rooms at each end, Hale & Kilburn adjustable high-back seats, improved air-brakes, and steam-heating appliance.

## CHANGE IN SCHEDULE OF NEW YORK DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

A CHANGE in schedule of the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad will take effect on Sunday next, October 28th. The Long Branch Express now leaving at 3:30 A. M. on week-days will be withdrawn, while the Sunday Express for Long Branch at 9:15 A. M. will be changed to 9:45 A. M.; the Sunday accommodations for Waverly and intermediate stations now leaving at 8:15, 11:30 A. M., 12:30, 1:30, 2:45, and 5:15 P. M. will be withdrawn on the 28th (not running on that day). The train now leaving for New Brunswick on Sunday at 9:30 A. M. will on and after the 28th leave at 9:00 A. M., while the 3:15 P. M. Sunday accommodation for Rahway will be changed to 3:00 P. M. Corresponding changes will be made in returning trains, for which consult time-tables.

## FUN.

IN THE CATSKILLS.—Anxious Sister—"Oh, mamma, call Freddy, or he will tumble off into the view!"

MRS. PARTINGTON and her son Ike, it is said, both use DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP for colds.

Every traveling man should take with him a bottle of SALVATION OIL. It costs only 25 cents.

EMOTIONAL CUSTOMER (to photographer)—"Oh, dear! This picture makes me look too old." The photographer—"But, my dear madam, you will grow into it."

## IN THE PARISIAN HIGH-LIFE.

THE great question of the day is the interesting discovery emanating from the celebrated ORIZA-PERFUMERY—we mean the "Solid Perfumes," varying in twelve delightful odors, in form of pencils and pastilles, and inclosed in coquette envelopes, indeed a very charming *biblot* of portable size, and an invention as agreeable as useful, surrounding the wearer with bewitching scent. To perfume any article agreeably and instantaneously, simply rub upon them lightly. The "Ess. Oriza Solid Perfumes" are sold by all good druggists and chemists of the U. S.; in Paris by the inventor, L. Legrand, Oriza-Perfumery, 207 Rue St. Honoré, Paris. (Gen'l Agents for the U. S., Park & Tilford, 917-19 Broadway, New York.)

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

## BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Are known and used all over the world, and at all seasons, for the relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Bronchial troubles. Sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors, John I. Brown & Sons, on the wrapper.—[Adc.]

## CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

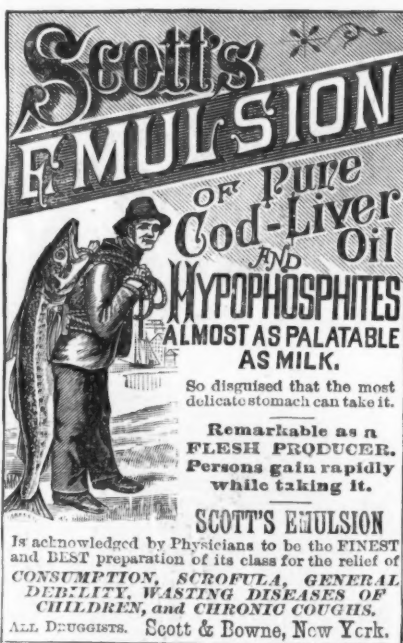
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, ANGSTURA BITTERS will cure you.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Nervous, Tired Women Now Cured by Food. Nervous exhaustion is now known to come from malnutrition of the nerves. A noted scientist has discovered that if the albumen which feeds the nerves is not fully digested to the consistency of water, it cannot be absorbed by them; hence their starvation and exhaustion. They are therefore nourished only in proportion to the ability of the stomach to prepare their food, which is the most difficult to digest of all the foods. Not one stomach in five can prepare a sufficient quantity for the overworked. Hitherto artificial digestion has only been able to but partially do its work for the coarser circulatory vessels. Three years ago this deficiency was overcome in the manufacture of the Moxie Nerve Food, which has shown before the U. S. Courts many old cases of helpless paralysis and nervous wrecks, recovered by it. It helps the nervous, tired and overworked in a few hours, leaving no reaction. 50c. a qt. bottle. 66 University Pl., N.Y.



**Scott's Emulsion**  
OF Pure  
**Cod-Liver Oil**  
AND  
**HYPOPHOSPHITES**  
ALMOST AS PALATABLE  
AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a  
**FLESH PRODUCER.**  
Persons gain rapidly  
while taking it.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST  
and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of  
**CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL  
DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF  
CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.**  
ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.



**CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.**

## CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

## SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

## HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

## ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

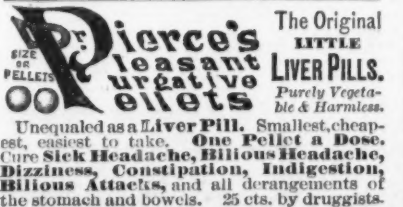
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



**\$500 OFFERED**  
for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of

**DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.**  
Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectation of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.




**Pierce's Pleasant Urge Pills.**  
The Original  
**LIVER PILLS.**  
Purely Vegetable & Harmless.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED  
**WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA**  
THEN WHY NOT TRY  
**WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE,  
CARACAS CHOCOLATE,  
BREAKFAST COCOA,**  
and other preparations.  
E. O. WILBUR & SONS, Chocolate Manufacturers, Philadelphia, Pa.

**WEIS & CO.,**  
FIRST PRIZE MEDAL,  
VIENNA, 1873.



Successors to C. WEIS, MFRS of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes etc., made in newest designs.

## The Loveliest Skin.

THE WHITEST, CLEAREST, SOFTEST, PUREST SKIN, free from pimple, spot or blemish, is produced by that greatest of all Skin Beautifiers and Purifiers, the

## CUTICURA SOAP.

Incomparable as a Skin Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and Bath, and absolutely pure, and without a rival as an Infantile Skin Soap. Delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, astonishingly effective, it enjoys unheard-of popularity, as evidenced by a sale greater than that of all other medicated toilet soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.  
Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

**Darlington,  
Runk & Co.**  
IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS.

Autumn and Winter Costumes.

## OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Under the management of experienced hands, executes orders from all parts of the country.

Samples Promptly Mailed to Any Address.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.  
Philadelphia

## GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPS'S COCOA.**  
BREAKFAST.

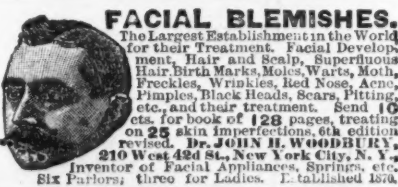
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.



**THE TOY THE CHILD LIKES BEST**  
IS THE  
"Anchor"  
Stone  
Building  
Blocks,  
real stone,  
three colors.  
The BEST  
PRESENT for  
children and  
adults.  
For \$1.75 or  
\$2.00 a good  
average box.

Apply for Descriptive Catalogue, sent post-free, to  
F. A. D. RICHTER & CO.,  
310 Broadway, New York.



**FACIAL BLEMISHES.**  
The Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10 cts. for book of 128 pages, treating on 25 skin imperfections, 6th edition revised. DR. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 210 West 42d St., New York City, N. Y. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Parlor; three for Ladies. Established 1876.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**  
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
**Stomach Bitters.**  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

**TAMAR  
INDIEN  
GRILLON**  
A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.  
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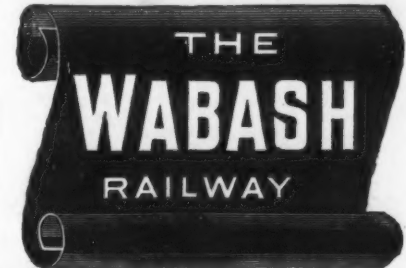
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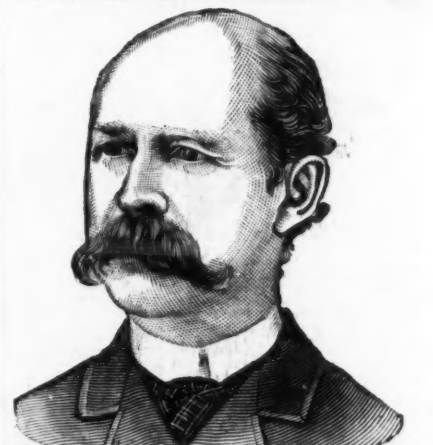
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